



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

962,440

FOR PEOPLE WHO LAUGH

SHOWING HOW, THROUGH WOMAN,
CAME LAUGHTER INTO THE WORLD

BY ADAIR WELCKER

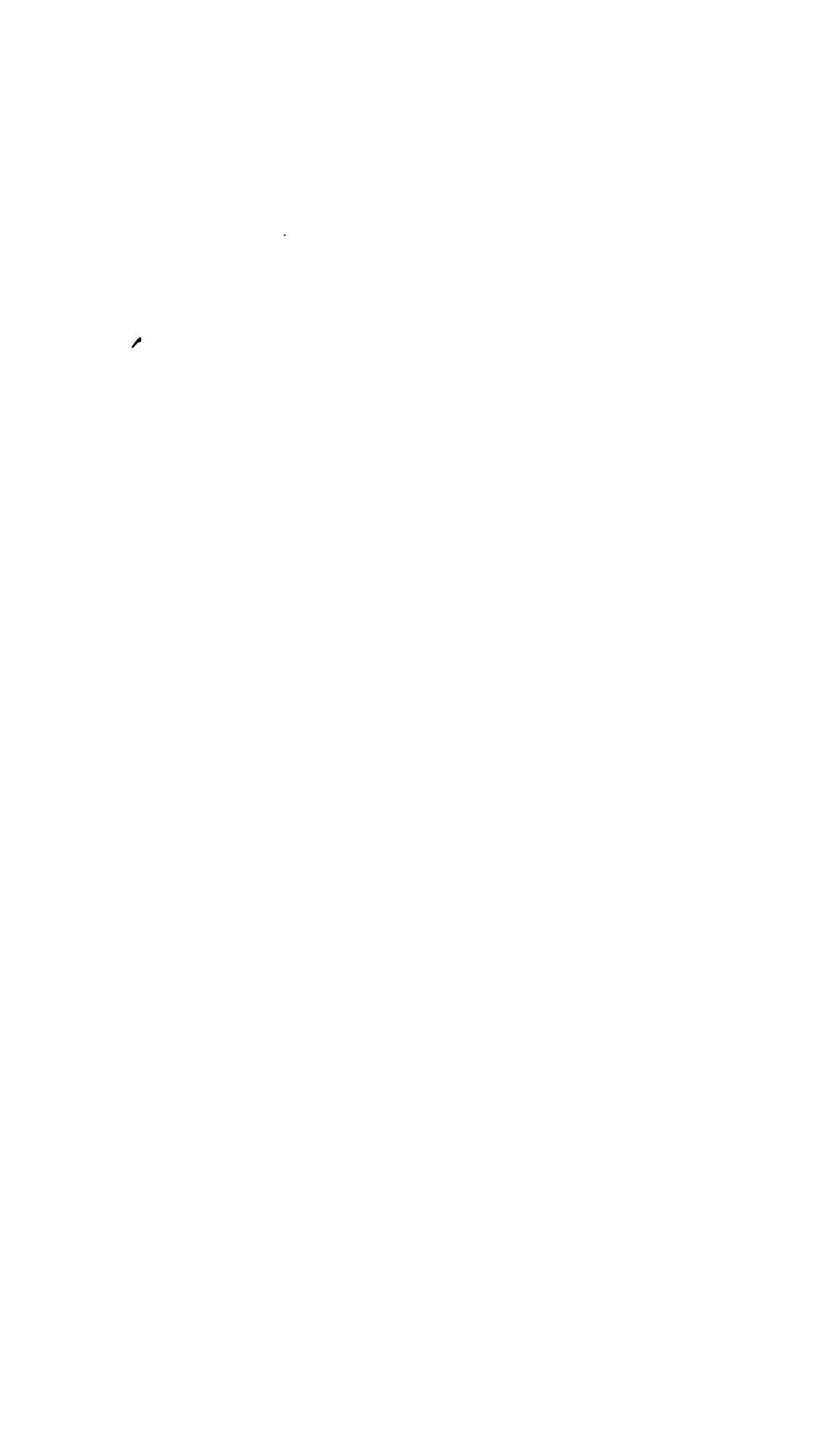
*GENERAL LIBRARY of the
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN*

—PRESENTED BY—

Author

Sept. '04







FOR PEOPLE WHO LAUGH

*Showing How, Through Woman,
Came Laughter into the World*

BY
ADAIR WELCKER



ADAIR WELCKER
Publisher, 331 Pine Street, San Francisco, California
1904.

11
2-71
95
COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

ADAIR WELCKER.

BOOK NEWS ITEM,

RELATING TO ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Up to the time 5,000,000 readers of papers in the U. S. had had placed before them an announcement of the book, "For People Who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter first into the world," not one woman had sent for a copy. And yet, if some kindly British critics are correct, the book is one that has not been surpassed in the "delightful" and "quaint" quality of its humor by any book of humor previously published in America. The lack of interest displayed by woman in it cannot of course show, as has been asserted of her, that woman is without a faculty for appreciation of humor that is real, although possessing, as such critics have admitted, a capacity for appreciation of wit. Although to the author this conduct of hers in relation to the book has not seemed to be altogether a cause for laughter, yet, with the little knowledge that he has of her, he is ready to recognize that her conduct may have been of design and that, out of it, in her own way, she may have obtained more delight than any book could have brought her.

People have heretofore said, too, that woman is curious. But here in connection with a work purporting to show how, through her, came down to this world, out of some other, humor, have we not now statistics as infallible as can be any to show that, in her, it does not exist? Facts are here; and, higher than higher criticism, must not they forever set at rest the question, in relation to which some people have had doubts, as to who was the first in the Garden of Eden to take a bite from the apple? And do they not show that it was not Eve?

It has appeared to the author of the book that his life is one, the plan of which has been so laid out that, before each victory in it, he must meet first with defeat, out of which the victory will then be caused to rise up. Here he has, in connection with his attempt to rouse in woman curiosity, signally failed. But, out of defeat has sprung an idea, and from that idea victory has begun to come. Upon the assumption that woman does not care to see it he offers to man, for a P. O. or express order, single copies bound in cloth, gold title, for \$1.00; two, \$1.30; 12, \$7; 50, \$22.50; 100, \$50; 500, \$225; 1,000, \$400. Paper, one-half the same. Adair Welcker, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

112-3
215
30

COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

ADAIR WELCKER.

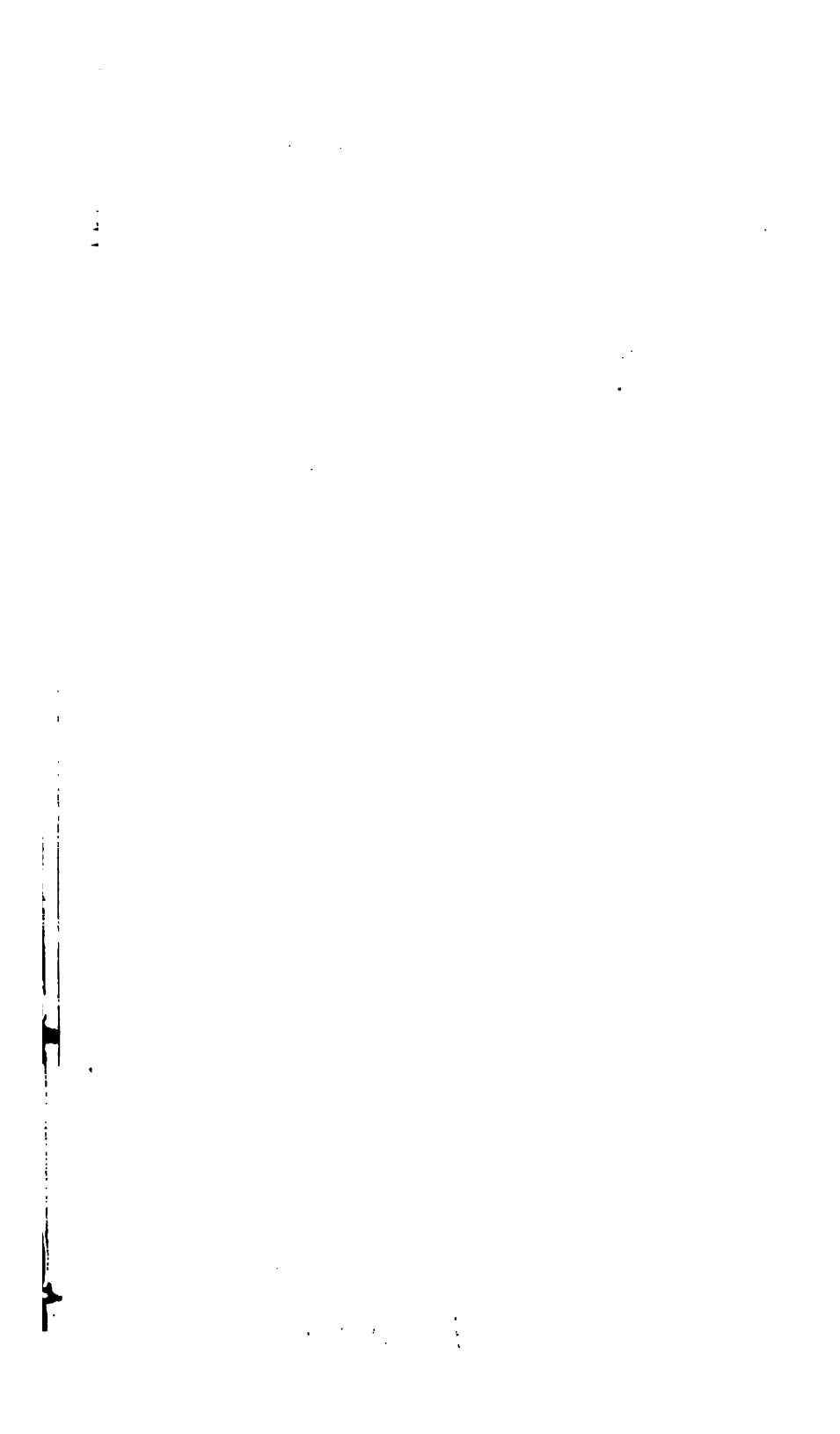
BOOK NEWS ITEM,

RELATING TO ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Up to the time 5,000,000 readers of papers in the U. S. had had placed before them an announcement of the book, "For People Who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter first into the world," not one woman had sent for a copy. And yet, if some kindly British critics are correct, the book is one that has not been surpassed in the "delightful" and "quaint" quality of its humor by any book of humor previously published in America. The lack of interest displayed by woman in it cannot of course show, as has been asserted of her, that woman is without a faculty for appreciation of humor that is real, although possessing, as such critics have admitted, a capacity for appreciation of wit. Although to the author this conduct of hers in relation to the book has not seemed to be altogether a cause for laughter, yet, with the little knowledge that he has of her, he is ready to recognize that her conduct may have been of design and that, out of it, in her own way, she may have obtained more delight than any book could have brought her.

People have heretofore said, too, that woman is curious. But here in connection with a work purporting to show how, through her, came down to this world, out of some other, humor, have we not now statistics as infallible as can be any to show that, in her, it does not exist? Facts are here; and, higher than higher criticism, must not they forever set at rest the question, in relation to which some people have had doubts, as to who was the first in the Garden of Eden to take a bite from the apple? And do they not show that it was not Eve?

It has appeared to the author of the book that his life is one, the plan of which has been so laid out that, before each victory in it, he must meet first with defeat, out of which the victory will then be caused to rise up. Here he has, in connection with his attempt to rouse in woman curiosity, signally failed. But, out of defeat has sprung an idea, and from that idea victory has begun to come. Upon the assumption that woman does not care to see it he offers to man, for a P. O. or express order, single copies bound in cloth, gold title, for \$1.00; two, \$1.30; 12, \$7; 50, \$22.50; 100, \$50; 500, \$225; 1,000, \$400. Paper, one-half the same. Adair Welcker, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.



COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

ADAIR WELCKER.

BOOK NEWS ITEM,

RELATING TO ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Up to the time 5,000,000 readers of papers in the U. S. had had placed before them an announcement of the book, "For People Who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter first into the world," not one woman had sent for a copy. And yet, if some kindly British critics are correct, the book is one that has not been surpassed in the "delightful" and "quaint" quality of its humor by any book of humor previously published in America. The lack of interest displayed by woman in it cannot of course show, as has been asserted of her, that woman is without a faculty for appreciation of humor that is real, although possessing, as such critics have admitted, a capacity for appreciation of wit. Although to the author this conduct of hers in relation to the book has not seemed to be altogether a cause for laughter, yet, with the little knowledge that he has of her, he is ready to recognize that her conduct may have been of design and that, out of it, in her own way, she may have obtained more delight than any book could have brought her.

People have heretofore said, too, that woman is curious. But here in connection with a work purporting to show how, through her, came down to this world, out of some other, humor, have we not now statistics as infallible as can be any to show that, in her, it does not exist? Facts are here; and, higher than higher criticism, must not they forever set at rest the question, in relation to which some people have had doubts, as to who was the first in the Garden of Eden to take a bite from the apple? And do they not show that it was not Eve?

It has appeared to the author of the book that his life is one, the plan of which has been so laid out that, before each victory in it, he must meet first with defeat, out of which the victory will then be caused to rise up. Here he has, in connection with his attempt to rouse in woman curiosity, signally failed. But, out of defeat has sprung an idea, and from that idea victory has begun to come. Upon the assumption that woman does not care to see it he offers to man, for a P. O. or express order, single copies bound in cloth, gold title, for \$1.00; two, \$1.30; 12, \$7; 50, \$22.50; 100, \$50; 500, \$225; 1,000, \$400. Paper, one-half the same. Adair Welcker, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

ADAIR WELCKER.

BOOK NEWS ITEM,

RELATING TO ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Up to the time 5,000,000 readers of papers in the U. S. had had placed before them an announcement of the book, "For People Who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter first into the world," not one woman had sent for a copy. And yet, if some kindly British critics are correct, the book is one that has not been surpassed in the "delightful" and "quaint" quality of its humor by any book of humor previously published in America. The lack of interest displayed by woman in it cannot of course show, as has been asserted of her, that woman is without a faculty for appreciation of humor that is real, although possessing, as such critics have admitted, a capacity for appreciation of wit. Although to the author this conduct of hers in relation to the book has not seemed to be altogether a cause for laughter, yet, with the little knowledge that he has of her, he is ready to recognize that her conduct may have been of design and that, out of it, in her own way, she may have obtained more delight than any book could have brought her.

People have heretofore said, too, that woman is curious. But here in connection with a work purporting to show how, through her, came down to this world, out of some other, humor, have we not now statistics as infallible as can be any to show that, in her, it does not exist? Facts are here; and, higher than higher criticism, must not they forever set at rest the question, in relation to which some people have had doubts, as to who was the first in the Garden of Eden to take a bite from the apple? And do they not show that it was not Eve?

It has appeared to the author of the book that his life is one, the plan of which has been so laid out that, before each victory in it, he must meet first with defeat, out of which the victory will then be caused to rise up. Here he has, in connection with his attempt to rouse in woman curiosity, signally failed. But, out of defeat has sprung an idea, and from that idea victory has begun to come. Upon the assumption that woman does not care to see it he offers to man, for a P. O. or express order, single copies bound in cloth, gold title, for \$1.00; two, \$1.30; 12, \$7; 50, \$22.50; 100, \$50; 500, \$225; 1,000, \$400. Paper, one-half the same. Adair Welcker, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.





COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

ADAIR WELCKER.

BOOK NEWS ITEM,

RELATING TO ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Up to the time 5,000,000 readers of papers in the U. S. had had placed before them an announcement of the book, "For People Who Laugh, showing how, through woman, came laughter first into the world," not one woman had sent for a copy. And yet, if some kindly British critics are correct, the book is one that has not been surpassed in the "delightful" and "quaint" quality of its humor by any book of humor previously published in America. The lack of interest displayed by woman in it cannot of course show, as has been asserted of her, that woman is without a faculty for appreciation of humor that is real, although possessing, as such critics have admitted, a capacity for appreciation of wit. Although to the author this conduct of hers in relation to the book has not seemed to be altogether a cause for laughter, yet, with the little knowledge that he has of her, he is ready to recognize that her conduct may have been of design and that, out of it, in her own way, she may have obtained more delight than any book could have brought her.

People have heretofore said, too, that woman is curious. But here in connection with a work purporting to show how, through her, came down to this world, out of some other, humor, have we not now statistics as infallible as can be any to show that, in her, it does not exist? Facts are here; and, higher than higher criticism, must not they forever set at rest the question, in relation to which some people have had doubts, as to who was the first in the Garden of Eden to take a bite from the apple? And do they not show that it was not Eve?

It has appeared to the author of the book that his life is one, the plan of which has been so laid out that, before each victory in it, he must meet first with defeat, out of which the victory will then be caused to rise up. Here he has, in connection with his attempt to rouse in woman curiosity, signally failed. But, out of defeat has sprung an idea, and from that idea victory has begun to come. Upon the assumption that woman does not care to see it he offers to man, for a P. O. or express order, single copies bound in cloth, gold title, for \$1.00; two, \$1.30; 12, \$7; 50, \$22.50; 100, \$50; 500, \$225; 1,000, \$400. Paper, one-half the same. Adair Welcker, 331 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.



ANNOUNCEMENT

I have been spoken of, and as in like cases others have done, have assumed that there is a wide-spread desire that I should be President of the United States.

But, against this, there are reasons.

First.—As I am a Democrat, many persons, in words purporting to be the Democratic party, could not say, until they would first unequivocally declare it to be their purpose to uphold the fundamental Democratic principle of equal rights to all in this country to labor, and special privilege upon the part of no others to interfere with, or molest them in that right, that I represented them.

In the next place, the President now in office is standing conscientiously for that principle of equality and democracy, and when any man does his duty out of his conscience, no other man, whatever he might be called, could in that connection render better service.

Third.—Becoming President, I would have to expend that time in work of the office which in my character of private citizen can be put to what, it seems to me, will prove to be labor of a more lasting nature than would be labor done as such. It is not the place that enables a man to serve: not the thing, but the thought. The money of a Midas could add no more power to the fact that the book called "For People Who Laugh" contains what will cause those sensational journals,—(for it refers to them)—that oppose, and by their labors would, if they could, destroy a fundamental American principle, and one that is true; contains what will cause journals that, contrary to democracy, uphold, when they so act, in their acts, and give countenance and encouragement to a class that, conferring upon its members a special privilege to obtain a living, yet does not prevent their efforts to interfere with the birthright of others so to do: a principle, notwithstanding, above which the flag of the country yet continues to float,—contains what will, while yet in parts of America, literature is still honored, and principles the country was founded to keep from passing, are still not forgotten; what will cause the cause of such journals, and what they might to some seem by their efforts to perhaps be able to take away from us, not to go out of, and from the general public memory.

And yet another strong reason is this: To be the instrument through which another comes to be a high official and president of a country is perhaps a matter of greater entertainment than it is to be one.

PROCLAMATION

To all of those journals that have been running in their columns an advertisement of the ROOSEVELT MARCH:

Upon sending a marked copy of your journal containing this (and, in the case of monthly and weekly magazines that have had it a copy of the magazine), I will send you a copy of the latest edition of a piece of music that, with the book entitled "For People Who Laugh, Showing How, through Woman, Came Laughter into the World," has been and is being largely instrumental in determining the question as to how the office of President of the United States is to be filled.

The "Roosevelt March" has, in the press of the United States and Great Britain, been widely spoken of in glowing terms. In connection with Mr. W. J. Bryan, at the time visiting England, one of the great London dailies, the *Morning Leader*, in the greater part of a column commented upon the piece, which Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* (surely not for that reason fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils), had refused to review, upon the ground that the *Commoner* does not review music. Out of this fact arose, for the London paper, an opportunity for delicate fun and literary sport.

And, for the *Commoner*, it is fortunate that it does not and did not review music. For, even so close a connection as it has had with the march, of which the *New England Journal of Education* has, among other things, said: "Its martial notes inspire as well as please, and one is lifted to a higher plane of patriotism by its tones," will, giving to it a place in American history, cause the *Commoner* to become not commoner, and in time to have less right than it at present has, issue after issue, to be so called.

Piano copies of the march referred to in the above proclamation will, on receipt of 25 cents, be sent to any address. The band arrangement, as played by the U. S. Military Academy Band, and other leading and military bands, and the grand Golden Gate Park band, will be sent for 50 cents by

ADAIR WELCKER,
Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

On July 7, 1904, partly because of the manner in which money orders are coming through the mail, and agents sending for the book to undertake its sale, I gave out to the press, in connection with the statement, that I believed simply through the mail and outside of the bookstores the work was to have a sale to an extent heretofore almost unheard of, the following: "This book has already had and is daily taking a larger place as a factor in determining how the office of President is to be filled." Those reading the book to-day (July 11th) will see why these statements were and are now correct. But here I desire to say this:

Let it not be supposed (as, when it was written, it was not supposed that it could be), that in the above proclamation was intended any aspersion upon the man whose eloquence no age has seen surpassed, and whose genius—although he does not seem to know it—is of too much use to America to have been merged in and, coinciding with them, have been buried as a portion of the work of a partisan convention. And, let us hope that there were others, interested in the outcome of its labors, who have yet nobler work to do in this world than that of—because of partisan reasons—upholding the candidature of one who permits himself continuously to be held forth, after a nomination secured, as the result of "crooked and indefensible methods," as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Might not Mr. Bryan's eloquence have been displayed for greater uses than before a convention where those assembled did not, as a unit, spew out the pettifogging judgment put into their mouths, which, as men, they would not have accepted, but which, as politicians, they did, making of the man whose words, in their mouths, they then spoke, their candidate?

P R E F A C E .

DO not faint, oh reader, when you come to be told that this is a work with a mission. For the great Anglo-Saxon race itself has never disdained to have one. And so this work has. The mission of the race of the Angles and the Saxons has been frequently to reform some other race. And the race thus reformed, too, has had its mission. Its mission, as the observant reader may have perceived, has been to pay the combine of the Angles and Saxons for having done the work. Like the Saxon, when thus engaged, the author of this book will be delicate in saying what is your mission,—for you have one—in connection with the work which he places before you—a mission which you certainly will carry out, either in connection with this book, or some other that, instead of it, you will make up your mind to purchase. Still, as the person or nation which is in the process of being reformed, by that other nation or person, somewhere, or somehow deemed to be holier than he or it cannot be dispossessed of the idea that the holier reformer must, of necessity, harbor ill-will towards the one made less holy by having strayed so far from being the good thing that the reformer would fain see him or it become, it is the desire of the author of this work to here place himself on record as being without ill-will towards any one who may happen to become reformed through whatever may be conceived to be the mission of his writing. And, that ill-will is not anywhere in the writing, he believes will be apparent from two reasons, and he leaves it to the reader to determine which of the two is strongest.

The first is that, in the city in which the book is published, he has for seventeen years been a practicing lawyer. But for what there, early in that career happened to him, he might not have remained such, but would instead have been engaged in literary work.

Believing that any man had a right to work for another who called upon him to labor for him, and, whether, by the labor expended, benefit was rendered, or not, charge for the labor that he had been called upon to perform; believing that he had an equal right to labor for others, and, unless successful service was given, not charge for the work done; believing that there was no wrong in stating to one, or more people, verbally that he would work for them upon either one or the other of these conditions, and that, to pay a newspaper to say in print either of them for him, to more people than he could say either of these things to . . . by word of mouth, was no more harmful, he paid for, and had printed in newspapers, the statement that he would attend to law business, and unless successful not charge for his labor. Thereby he caused to be brought into operation for a time, openly sometimes, and sometimes not, against him the malignant animosity of those who look upon it as an outrage and unprofessional to do otherwise than charge, and make the person who comes to you in distress for help, pay, whether you succeed in rendering it to him or not. This animosity caused the author to remain in the profession of the law, and write pleadings, "briefs" (in sarcasm so called, for the reason that generally they are anything but short); statements on motion for, and appeals from decisions granting "new trials" (which they certainly are to the poor litigant, who has to pay the bill for printing hundreds or thousands of pages composing them, the Courts refusing further to con-

sider the cause if they be not put into print) ; contracts and papers on appeal ; whereas, but for the work so done against him, he might, during the seventeen years past, have been engaged, instead, in writing and producing works of literature. In consequence of himself having thus felt the effect of ill-will he has no inclination to make any other man feel it.

But nevertheless, out of the whole matter came gain, and that gain was this: Those who, before that, had appeared to be friends, now deeming the author one who would not be able to stand up against opposition which some of them remarked that any man, himself not possessed of wealth, could not afford to try to stand against, were thereupon seen, for a time, to turn away from him, to utter themselves for what to them seemed to be the strongest side in the matter, while those who, themselves having truth in them, were for what was true, coming out as friends, were caused to stand in more open and bold relief. Perhaps they may have had the advantage since of seeing that the author of this work had been of service, not only to that profession of which he is a member, and to his country, but to think that, in time, his service rendered to both may possibly be called forth to a degree sufficient to cause even those, who for some years helped to make his pathway in life one more or less difficult, to believe that even during the years thereupon immediately following, his labors were not altogether wasted.

And yet a second reason for ill-will not to be exhibited towards anyone in his work—even if the author felt it—is because (since some of his writings, which, during a number of years, appeared in the “funny” columns of American journals, were not there treated as seriously as perhaps they deserved, the reforming and missionary

quality of this work, if made known, might not either be treated as seriously as it should.

And now to another matter: Because, by men it is commonly supposed that they can and do more seriously appreciate and, generally speaking, better comprehend humor than does the other sex, these sketches, a number of which (the reader will please excuse the author for speaking of matters that seem favorable to him because he might, indeed, call himself the United States Publishing Company, or the Domestic Publishing Company, or in some other manner, from hiding, seem to speak more modestly), appearing in another form—as have others of this author's works—have been most kindly received in Great Britain as—why hesitate to say it?—have all of his writings been, except in California, in every one of the American States, have among them, but placed in the earlier part of the book, those that are less serious in their character; those thought, not by the “knocking”—in so far as matters of literature and art are concerned—city of San Francisco, and the northern part of the State, but by English critics, to be delightfully quaint and original. And in the latter part of the book are placed those more in accord with her tastes which woman, who, active being that she is, always rushes and “skips” to the end, will, upon doing so, find there ready for her perusal.

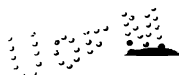
Sketches in this book, with others not contained in it, under a different title, upon being brought out by the London house that first placed before the public sketches by the British humorist Jerome K. Jerome, aroused, in the British press, in so far as could be seen from the press observations sent to the author, criticism of a character altogether friendly. One point, of which most seemed

to be made, was quaintness in the character of the humor. And a point, particularly taking the author's attention, was that made by the *Bookseller* of London. It was that, while possessing fun of the delightful character that had helped to make the Western slope of America known to the world, the humor in this instance, was not expressed in the horribly massacred form of English in which, in other works, it had been. Now, is there not here a valuable hint? Would it not be well for our writers hereafter to give their readers English instead of the "dialect" of the Yankee, or the language of the County of Pike? "Dutch" dialect and Iri—no, Irish and Dutch are too good to lose; but Pike, through an effort, cannot we hereafter wholly forego?

And next there is another matter: A treatise, and a serious one, is here to find place where woman, if she will but only turn the book upside down, and as it is her custom to do, open it at what will then be its end, will not, it is believed, be altogether displeased to find it. For it shows how she, who brings everything else that is best into the world, has brought that too, of which man has so long tried to deny her the possession. She brought into the world humor and its first laugh. For, on her arrival, seeing man as he then appeared, an idea of the comic had to be born in her, and with the birth of that, looking at man, the first thing that on earth she did was to give expression to the earth's first smile.

But, as what follows is to replace a defect found in all works of rhetoric (which are serious works), that he has come across, and that defect is their lack of an accurate account of the cause and growth of laughter, this work must now proceed to set it out in more detail.

It is believed that humor is founded on the fact that



man in his pre-Adamic state, solemn as were all of the other animals that had never learned to smile, was of them all most solemn. And for ages he had walked over the earth in this state of gloom most terrible, looking upon the other animals that, like himself, did not smile, with a glance that seemed only suspicion. The snarl that comes to the eater was on the face of the wolf; was on the face of the world; that snarl was on his own. All else had come to the world but laughter, but laughter not yet. Earth was all alone, and had never yet had on it a smile; had not yet been kissed by heaven. Utterly tired, man, who himself snarled at the wolf that snarled at him; man, as yet but a pessimist; man, the lonely and bitter when worn out with this condition, had pity taken upon him. He was caused to fall asleep. And, as he slept, he dreamed of there being sent down from heaven, in the shapes that he had never before seen; in shapes of three beautiful women, somewhat; and, in his sleep, he asked what they might be. To him they made answer that their names were Faith, Laughter and Love. Then they said: "When you are awake you will see that we are with you, never more to leave you."

Now, the animal snarl, which is a symbolism, had grown upon the faces of animals and man through their one way of using, until that time, the mouth, which is by closing it down over food in the process of destruction. And men and animals had always looked down, but never yet had they looked upward in wonder, nor yet had their lips been moved apart in a smile. The symbol in the whole world was the sneer; the destructive sign; not yet was there in the world the rainbow sign of wonder; the smile; not yet the expression that comes when the smile causes old things to pass, and new points of view to be had; not yet was there



in the world the sign creative. Not yet had woman, with her brought into the world laughter, and put upon the dark countenance of many the sign of the coming of light. Such had been the animals and man, until he slept, and dreamed, and after his dream awakened.

And awakening, instead of seeing, as in his dream, the figures of three beautiful women before him, he seemed, in Eve, to see but one only. This was enough, losing two, to make him look as solemn as he did, and as solemn as, until then, he for many ages had done. And besides this, there was another reason for his being solemn; and that was that, what before him he saw, was that which is laughter's cause; a new thing to the vision; that which, seeing, things are made new. Always, over the same things, the mouth closes; only, before new things, with wonder, it opens. Always before, Adam had seen the same and the old things. Now, for the first time, seeing that which was new with wonder, his mouth opened. But the process of opening the mouth being new to him, his manner of doing it was not as Eve would have had it; and therefore at him—for the first time—she then did what she lovingly has done at man ever since—she laughed. Thus was she the first on the earth to laugh. And Adam then did, from contagion, what he has ever since done; he, too, followed her, and in the matter was, as he has always ever since been in the race—second best. And, after her laughter, as is her custom, she gave him comfort, for she said: "I am all three that you saw; not one only as you think; we are one."

Hoping that works of rhetoric may now supply that wherein they have heretofore seemed deficient, and that whenever hereafter any scholar is writing a great tome on the subject, his better half will see to it that he fails not

to make note of the fact here finally established that, upon this planet woman was the first being to laugh, the reader will be given an opportunity to pass on to the more serious chapters of the book.



FOR THOSE WHO LAUGH.

A Love Idyl, Which Was No Easy Job;
or,—How He Won Her.

WE were in a hay field, and as he talked he leaned against a decayed rail fence. I heard his monotonous voice, but I did not closely listen at first. So he might have been a lark singing in a distant field, and I would have understood him as well, until my attention was attracted when he smacked his lips with intellectual gratification and self satisfaction and suddenly observed: "Yes, I always knowed it." From that time on I did not permit myself to lose one word. "He had a tarnal lot of grit, as a lover, had Joe Corker," said he. "And wasn't the man never to give in. He kep' a courtin' of her from the time she was a leetle baby gal at school till she was a old maid of forty-two and never lost hope. It was his way because of his grit. When he started in to do anything he generally done it, simply for no other reason than he was just the durndest feller. So when he went to love makin' he was more desprit than a tiger had ought to dared to thought of bein'. He never give himself an easy job either, for it weren't his way, for the gal he picked out growed up to be one o' them tough old birds whats the more obstinate the more older they are and bleeves in marriage to be a failure. She were a gal with freckles same size as ten cent dimes is, all over her. Well, when a man undertakes a job of that kind, even

without the grit of Joe as a lover, he keeps at it out of aggravation—you would yourself. Your vanity does it, for you say to yourself 'If you cant capture a mere bundle of freckles, what can you do nohow?' In the meantime as she grows older and gets obstinater and uglier you, of course, loses your temper and she loses hers, and neither of you never git it back again. So it was with Joe, but having the grit, as a lover, of which I've spoke, mere loss of temper was nothing to him. Well, he kep' on and kep' on and then he kep' on.

"One day she told him she'd come to the conclusion marriage were *not* a failure, which give him great joy. Then he got a set back when he learned that another two-button cutaway chucklehead had commenced a spark-in' of her under the delusion she was of one of them old anteeek families, which was the cause of it. It was about that time Joe went west, taking a letter writer with him, so he could send back a courtin' letter took out of the book from every station they stopped at.

"Well, after workin' at different things, always bein' as confident that he'd win as a frog is about its powers to chirp, if it took him a hundred years he'd get thar, he located in a cabin on a swampy tule farm up in San Joqueen county, up on four legs above the highest reach of the water. The tide was two feet deep over his land twice a day, so he built roosts all around his place for his chickens to roost on at high tide, for he raised chickens and honey for the city markets, and he rowed around in a boat to the nests to get the eggs. In the meantime while doing so, he was always composin' love letters for to write, for he was poetical and done things by inspirations, and the inspiration always come when he was collectin' the eggs, especially if the hens had laid well.

"All around he seen bitterns flying all perticklerly fat with nothing apparently to eat. It was a caution how fat they seemed to grow and have oily greasy countenances all on nothing, and he couldn't make it out till he seen one flying one day close by, with a neck a yard and half long, with a head for all the world like the head of a serpent. Then he watched more of them with heads like corkscrews, and they seemed also to have amazing long necks and serpents heads as they flew about in all directions. At last he see how they *et snakes*, and that, as it took about half an hour to swallow them, they kep' flyin' round an' round while doing it, so's the motion would aid digestion. One day an idea struck Joe. He seen besides bein' so amazin' fat they were about the size of young chickens. So he killed one one day and chopped its legs and head off and plucked the feathers and saw, for his purposes, it were a chicken. So, bein' so, he sent them to the city to market, as chickens, with their heads off, and blue an' yaller scalloped tissue paper where their legs was cut off, where they gave to him a great name because of their fatness, and the delicate taste of frog's legs which serpents give the meat. In consequence he growed rich.


"In the meantime, while watching the bitterns and serpents (all unconscious they was doin' it so he'd grow rich), and while plucking the feathers off, he was always busy meditat' an' a composin' love letters, and he was always beggin' her to come out and get married. But his ideas however he put them, never fetched her nohow.

"At last one day, of a Sunday, he see he must have a change of ideas, so's he'd seem sorter different, same as a man seems different in a different suit of clothes for to fetch Miss Selverton, the lady, and was wondering what would change them. He rowed in his boat to a neighbor-

ing town, and on the way (though he'd never drank nothin' before ceptin' only water), he determined he'd try gin. He'd hearn of a man once made a fortune by an idea he got by drinkin' gin, so he got two big black bottles, and rowed home with them, determined to try it, for Joe was grit and so he done it.

"He opened one bottle and while he was drinkin' it an idea come to him and he said to himself—for, havin' no neighbors he choose to talk to himself—'I'll open the other in honor of her arrival when she gets here.' The idea, which was special brilliant, had come to him of its own accord, so he thought it was a sign of good luck, and put the unopened bottle aside. He then finished the other, and while so doing he composed and writ a letter to Miss Selverton what fetched her, and with all her baggage. He'd dropped the letter book style and just spoke plain. If I don't disremember he said: 'I've got the snakes, and I'm the first man that ever found them paying property, and growed rich by it.' You see he jist sorter wrote plain that a way. Then he went on and said: 'I've got a regular snake trust and the people never mistrust it, and its the kind of trust what, so far from causing me fer to bust, would just make you bust with laughter, if you'd saw the peculiar way how I've growed rich. I had to give other people snakes before they'd come down with their cash. If you will come out my dear we will both of us have the snakes together.' He spoke all through just plain, that a way. Then he inclosed a check for a thousand dollars for her to come with.

"Now you'd say she'd never come after that. Well that's just where you're off. Bein' a woman what thought marriage was a failure, of course she was as full of notions as a river is full of drink, so she seen she had a mis-



sion, and that mission was to save him from the (which they were not) imaginary snakes. It's the delight of that kind of woman's heart to get a husband who occasionally has the snakes, so she can hold him up to himself as a shining example of evil, and point him out to himself as a burning illustration of horrible intemperance.

"She wrote to him when she started and on the day she was to arrive he unloaded the other bottle of gin down into himself. It was one of the luckiest things he ever took a notion to do and done. When she arrived she had the pleasure of seeing that her theory was correct, and when a woman has a chance to see that, she's as happy as a game cock is when you put on his spurs for to fight, and with unbounded pleasure she give to him a withering look that she thought would make him shrivel up like a green leaf in a red hot fire, and then after first making inquiries with intense politeness after the snakes, she hurriedly fetched him off to the church and there she married him. But later on after that when she come to see what snakes he'd meant and hear on all hands how he was nothin' more than a mere total abstainer, I've heard the report that she slowly faded away with disappointment afterwards and died of grief."



HAVING found food for thought in the discourse last reported, I the next day found myself in the same field where, with one leg wrapped in front of the other, the speaker stood in the same spot as if he had not moved since I had last heard him. "Yes," he remarked, as if in response to a question which, however, I had not asked: "Yes, I found this here account of the way the Signing of the Declaration of Independence

came about, in an old hair-covered trunk, what was owned by my grandmother. It's in a yellow old letter, most obliterated by time, wrote by William Smith Thomas. Now this William Smith Thomas was married to Miss Margaretta Baily, the daughter of a distinguished family.

"Her father was old 'Doe-faced' Baily, who ran for the public office of Pound-keeper in '43, being elected by a large majority. He administered the affairs of this office with high credit. He was afterward well and widely known as Sexton of the Methodist Church of that district down thar, and it would seem that on the paternal side his ancestors was all of them Bailys.

" 'Now, the crest of his family,' says William Smith Thomas, 'was, if I remember rightly, something looking sorter like a washtub on an upturned hod and three bricks fer to stand on.

"The mother of Miss Margaretta Baily was descended from old Billy Dowler (Dowler—thar was some error in spelling, I think), who signed the Declaration of Independence, and this is the way in the letter the signing is described as it took place.

" 'We,' says Mr. Fowler [Fowler—Did a Fowler sign the Declaration of Independence? I guess some error again], meaning the signers of the Declaration, 'we went into Jimmy Mulligan's and had a cocktail, after which we went over to the State House to sign. But some of us was skeered, so we went back to Jimmy's, all arm-in-arm, and we had a nuther smile. Then, arm-in-arm, again we went back fer the State House. But, being some of us skeered fer to sign her, we went back to Jimmy's fer to git up more courage. Then we went back to the State House to sign the Declaration; but some of us was skeered, so we went back to Jimmy's, and, mixing drinks, marched

again boldly, arm-in-arm, back to the State House, whar we signed it.' ”



ANOTHER day had passed. It was evening. Again I was in the field. So was my informant, and in the same attitude of the day gone by. And, suddenly, again I began to hear him speak. He then said:

“He was the bashfullest man what ever undertook to walk on two feet and ten toes. In the way of bashfulness, he was more than a caution. If bashfulness had been dollars, them days, he’d have had no use for gold ‘slugs.’ Hangtown was blooming then. At that time gold dust filled the place. There was so much of it you could even see it substituted for ordinary motes and floating in the sunbeams when, once in a while or so, the miners swept out their cabins. In consequence we had all sorts of strange characters here; for, strange as it may seem, odd characters seem as fond of getting rich as you and me, and them what ain’t odd. There was lawyers here then what practiced medicine, for there was no courts; and doctors what practiced law pleading their own cases before Vigilance Committees. Among other things I remembered a chap with a sour, yellow, screwed-up face; ears like a young jack rabbit; a thin neck and no hair on his head, except around the neck where it kept his collar from chafing; and green, suspicious eyes. Well, that chap was never satisfied. He worked for years with a ‘rocker’ and made nothing and, naturally enough, he was not satisfied. One day though, he struck onto the richest lead there was. Some of the boys went down and asked him if he was satisfied now, but he wasn’t.

"The Vigilance Committee soon after that put a rope around his neck and we took hold and were about to string him up on a charge of murder, when finding to our surprise, how he was innocent we let him down again. Again the boys visited him and congratulated him and told him we supposed that he was satisfied, but he wasn't. Such things was happening to him every day, but nothing satisfied him; and I've learned since that when he first seen the Pacific ocean, after screwing up his face and looking hard at it he went off weeping. He said it looked so much smaller than ever he'd expected it.

"Well, he wasn't the queerest by no means. I might go on describing queer ones but I guess I'll go ahead about the bashful man. If you was sitting with company in the parlor you'd have no trouble to know when this bashful man was coming. The atmosphere grew colder; dew appeared on people's faces same as it does on marble top tables, and the people from that time on was as cheerful as a congregation of ghosts in church at midnight. Soon after this you heard Perkins, the bashful man, stumbling over chairs in the hallway, after which he came stammering into the room and give each person present the flabby end of his clammy fin.

"After he'd got settled down onto a chair with a silly look on his face, you might a used him to froze ice cream for the crowd, and the lamps burned down dim. The others then shuffled their feet and acted as a medium circle sitting on needles and pins on his account, waiting to hear from such of their friends as had chosen their harps.

"Now you'd say it was unnatural and improbable that such a man as Perkins could fall in love. Still, notwithstanding, he done so. Then did we see what pathos was. You've seen a young calf dying in a winter storm, and

you know that is pathos. But still all that was nothing to Perkins. You've read about the death of poor Quilp in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Nor was that nothing to Perkins. Even a funeral with four hundred carriages was high glee compared to him. His was an awful case of love; so intense it made him more feeble minded than lovers usually is.

"And it was all on account of a little whippoorwill of a school teacher with a rosy red head and a pert look. We seen it and she saw he loved her, for women is very foxy in all things connected with courtin'; and he kept circlin' round and round the school house as if he had lost himself in a fog. Always at a distance though, for if he seen anyone comin' he shot off like a frightened hare into the chapparal.

"A course the time come when he ceased to eat. It always do. But finally, when he got parading around his cabin by moonlight, writin' love giblets to the moon, with a blanket over his shoulders like a poet, sensible men seen something had to be done or there'd be a climax. So we met and appointed a committee; and the committee appointed one to make love to Miss Jerrold for Perkins by deputy. That was me, and I done it.

"As many blushes came to her face as leaves on a rose bud; but at last she consented to marry him just out of pity. The committee then called on him and told him he'd been sentenced. He said he didn't mind it and was even glad of it, as he wanted to die. We told him not sentenced to die but to get married. He next wished to know whom. When we explained to him that Miss Jerrold consented to marry him his eyes trembled with fond delight.

"Well, we arranged everything. We had a procession

as grand as if it was a funeral instead of a marriage. One of the miners who had once been a Judge performed the ceremony. I gave Perkins away, being chief groom; and then we had a banquet at which, as usual, we mingled wine and wit and eloquence in great shape. Everything went in those times, and even bashful men could somehow get married."



Mysterious Disappearance of a King.

Or Strayed, Lost or Stolen.


PERHAPS the reader will remember the tremendous excitement in the oyster, paste diamond, canned crab, and codfish circles of this country in 1854-5, caused by the sudden, mysterious and unaccountable disappearance of a despotic European monarch from his kingdom.

But a few moments before his disappearance he had been seen. While putting on a paper collar—the first ever worn in his kingdom—which had been presented to him in a golden casket studded with diamonds, he had been seen at the hour of 7 in the morning, by the Chief Lord of the Inner Bedchamber; by the second Lord of the Bath in Waiting; and by the Third Royal Knight of his Majesty's Soapsuds. The countenance of the King was observed to have upon it, at the time, the healthy glow produced by the Second Lord of the Bath in Waiting, by the vigorous use of a specially prepared rough towel, in the skillful handling of which he had achieved much renown. The third Lord of the Inner Door Knob had also observed his Majesty but four minutes later, while walking about in his vest and night cap, in the outer bedchamber wearing that princely meditative air, which has been so often noticed; and through the dining room window his Majesty's chief Knight of the Trowel, while at work in the fifth chamber, fourth floor, of the tower opposite, had seen him with a part of a chicken brochette held on a fork in the air in front of him, upon which he gazed med-

itatively, at 7:24½ of the eventful morning. It is known, too, that the Lord High Master in Attendance, of the King's hunting dogs and High Keeper of the Warren, while on his way to the kennels, passed the Royal Dining-room Windows (on the outside of course) about one minute and fourteen seconds later; and that he, too, saw his Majesty whose mouth was drooping half open, gazing with what seemed a look of distrust upon the motionless brochette. Then did the Royal Scavenger (Limited) by Permission of his Majesty, see the King, with his nose flattened against the window pane, gazing out into the royal gardens. These matters we can depend on as facts.

He disappeared as completely, thereafter, as if a mouse had swallowed him, compressing all of royalty within the walls of its stomach; and had then,—forgetting the whole transaction,—gone off about its business!

Anyone familiar with the effect which royalty has upon the majority of men, can appreciate the run, which the disappearance of the king at once caused upon the well-known firm of Fido & Towser (Limited), by Special Permission of H. R. T.-Dog Cakes for sale. In passing we will remark,—as we will have to refer to him again,—that, at the time, H. R. H. was 4 years of age. The firm of Button & Yardstick (Make his Pants to his Majesty and by Special Permission), Tailors, had also a tremendous run upon them. But upon the great firm which had presented his majesty with the casket of gold set with diamonds, and had induced him to wear their paper collar, the rush for goods was enormous; and it would be hard perhaps to describe it. Their profits during the first hour after the king's disappearance would have paid for the casket five hundred times over. The stock of paper collars gave out



early in the day, and the clerks were at first set to work cutting more out with shears; but before night, so intense was the demand, that axes, adzes, scythes, saws,—in fact all implements that would cut—were used.

Meanwhile, a swaying and surging mass of human beings were around the palace and upon, and peering down over the edges of the roof. Through the windows and down the chimneys they shouted, demanding their sovereign. The majority of the ladies of the palace went about the hallways ringing their hands, half frightened to death. One of them—the lady of the Fourth Bedchamber in Waiting, Countess of the Crimping Tongs, Mistress of the Blue Isles, Duchess of the Quagmire, Countess of the Frog Pond, etc., etc., etc., this noble lady, I say, had the presence of mind to appear repeatedly at the upper windows of the palace and tell the crowd to “do go away.”

During these exciting times H. R. H. was ungovernable. He said that he would not wait and demanded the immediate return of his father. He lay upon his back upon the hall floor; kicked holes in the tinted plastering of the walls with the heels of his royal shoes; bumped his royal head upon the floor, regardless of the fact that he injured the varnish; kicked at the ladies when they offered him sugar plums; and during the whole performance screamed like a simple commoner. Being told that he was a prince, and that being a prince he should be a man, as, in case his sire did not return, he would have to rule his people, he refused flatly to rule anybody.


All sorts of rumors were now afloat, and all sorts of speculation rife. The refusal of H. R. H. to rule them in the event that the king did not return, got abroad among the people. Awful calamity seemed to stare them

in the face. With looks of terror they gazed one upon another. If the young prince would not govern them, who would? They hardly dared even to ask themselves the question. The whole land was searched; houses turned inside out; rivers, sewers, mailbags—everything examined; but no king discovered.

* * * * *

Nothing in California is strange. A crop of diamonds from big trees would seem reasonable to us. A flock of pigs flying delightedly through the distant ether would be met with the remark: "I told you so!" The time was the year 1891. The place, the place in which what is marvelous cannot exist; the land in which is nothing that is odd; in which everything is normal—the Sunset State.

On the 13th day of June two pedestrians were walking along the road which leads to the top of Mount Diablo (devil mountain). It is well and accurately named. Nothing appears on that mountain as it does elsewhere. The man who fishes there once finds his fishing days over. Through the trees come the sound of strange voices. The person who dwells long upon the mountain obtains a peculiar expression to his eyes, and a cast to his countenance which never after will leave him. Upon the two day's journey, which it takes to enable the pedestrian to reach the top of the mountain, strange sights are seen. The woods are filled with masses of moss, resembling the ghosts of men hung by vigilance committees to the limbs of oaks. Fires are found still burning where no human beings have been for months. The rocks on the mountain side are often coffin shaped. As you walk up the road deer and wild cats step forth suddenly from under pine trees and follow you. Caverns innumerable are passed; and in



them are heard sounds of revelry and loud laughter. Without speaking to you small men with cunning faces and long beards often cross the traveler's pathway. Owls are seen, having upon their countenance an unalterable expression of perpetual contempt for the passing pedestrian. The whole atmosphere is filled at night with odd sounds; and jackass rabbits with their long ears casting shadows behind them in the moonlight, sit in circles, resembling ancient British gravestones.

The two men to whom reference has been made, reached the summit, wearied, thirsty, hungry. On the summit no water was to be had; so, plunging into the dust-covered chapparal on the far side of the mountain, they descended an incline almost perpendicular in search of water. After going a quarter of a mile, the bottom of a hollow, surrounded by four smaller mountains was reached. One of the men, as he was exhausted, lay beneath a tree, while the other went to search for water. In a hole, in the top of a blue rock, he found about a quart, but it was covered by a green slime; and by it lay a large snake, sunning itself. This man did not taste the water, but the other did.

As they saw no sign of life ahead of them, they thought it best to retrace their steps; but found this, to their dismay, impossible, because of the steepness of the declivity which they had descended, and because the loose, red, broken rock on the mountain side caused their feet to slip, when they attempted it. The temperature was at the time 112° Fahrenheit, in the shade.

"I wonder if this means that we have got to die here?" one asked.

"You stay here," the man who had taken the drink of

water answered the other, "and I will search for a pathway."

"And," said the first speaker, "what if you should go mad from the poisonous water which you have tasted?"

"Never mind! Wait and see," responded the second, and he departed.


After toiling around a projecting point in one of the mountains, running, like a promontory, down into the hollow, he came to a red gulch overgrown by wild grape vines. Seeing above these vines something like a pathway, he followed it, to find that it ended in a cavern. Reaching the mouth of this cavern he stopped suddenly, for the same loud laughter which has been mentioned was suddenly heard. He was still listening to it when he noticed a movement in what he had at first supposed to be a bunch of moss, hanging like a dead man, from a tree, but a few feet from him. He was startled when he saw gazing out of the top of this apparent moss, directly at him, two grayish blue eyes.

"Who are you?" was asked in a foreign tongue, which the pedestrian understood, from somewhere within the emotionless, and motionless mass of moss.

Replying, the pedestrian asked: "Who are you?"

"For the purpose," answered the moss, "of hearing myself speak for the first time in twenty-three years, during which I have neither shaved nor spoken, I will tell you; especially as I can afterward lead you away by such a route that you will never be able to return. But first we will eat and drink, as I see that you need it."

A moment later a table having a bottle of wine, bread and a venison stew upon it, and covered with a white cloth, was at the entrance to the cavern, and they were seated on either side of it. "Do you see any indication



about me that I could do no wrong?" asked the man all beard. "Do I look to you as if I could cure the king's evil, by laying my hand on it? Have I got unmistakable marks of royalty about me? Would you recognize them whenever, or wherever you saw them? Is there anything about me more majestic than other men?"

"Yes," replied his companion. "The beard. But for that, without a moment's hesitation, my answer would be no."

"But I was," said the beard. "I was a mighty monarch, once; but I've quit it; and I think I've got where they can't get me back to it, either!"

"Why?" said the other.

"Why?" said the beard, "simply because being 'His Majesty,' is not what it's cracked up to be, by no means. I stood being gazed at, through windows, like a trapped monkey. I stood being told whatever I did, I shouldn't have done; I stood having every other fellow's scandal palmed off as mine; I stood being misquoted, so as to make, always, nothing less than a fool of me; I stood being told what novels to read, and what not; I stood having a maiden of 94, picked out for state reasons, for my wife; I stood having my beard clipped, in accordance with public clamor;—but when they got to timing me, with a stop watch, at my prayers, to see if I made them long enough, I thought it time to call a halt; drew the line; and sent myself off in a coffin, stocked with cheese and crackers by express, to the U. S. A. with my old trusty servant along, who is since dead. Now, I'm ——," said he, leaning forward and whispering in the ear of the other, "who disappeared in 1854-5. That's who I am!"

His companion turned pale. "You don't mean to

say," he exclaimed, "that you are that dread, august monarch?"

"I am," said the beard, with a majestic wink of its eye. "No less."


"Let me go!" said the pedestrian.

"This way!" responded the beard; and for ten minutes he walked before him, when upon looking up from the ground, he found him gone. Astonished at this, the pedestrian looked about him in every direction, but no monarch was to be seen. While still casting his eye about, for his majesty, he heard a shout from his friend. Upon reaching him, he found him much excited. He, too, had seen the king, who had appeared for a moment, but to disappear from view on the mountain side, about one hundred yards away.

After searching hastily for an escape from this strange region, the two friends at last found a pathway over one of the mountain peaks, and out of this valley.

Upon reaching level land they inquired of many people, to learn that the mysterious being had been seen once or twice before in the course of twenty years. The only theory in regard to him which they heard expressed was that he was an escaped murderer, the effect of whose crime on his mind had produced madness; but upon examination it was found that there was no evidence in support of this theory.

It is now rumored that a theatrical manager is searching for the king, and that, if found, an opportunity to exhibit himself throughout the country will be offered to him. The manager believes he can convince him that upon taking out citizenship papers our laws will protect him from being taken back to his own country to take his seat upon his throne and rule his people against his will.



The manager will also offer him such liberal terms to induce him to make his first appearance that they ought to satisfy him.

As this manager is a man brimming over with energy he will doubtless find him. His powers of persuasion, being considered to be irresistible we may yet have an opportunity to see genuine royalty upon the stage. If so, America will, as usual, be in the lead; and the first to introduce what may become a very general, and perhaps a popular custom.



The Widow's Wake.

A MAN who has been my janitor, and has been in the habit of going through the pantomime of cleaning my office, came one morning when the hands of the clock upon the mantle-piece indicated the fact that the week was at the time up and demanded his pay. I handed him, after he had been paid, a novel that some one had left in the office.

"Read it, Patrick Finnegan," said I, "for it is all about tomahawks, and detectives who, after having been blown upwards by explosions, coming down again are lodged in the tops of trees. Would you not like it?"

"To come down unharmed, in the tops of trees?"

"No; I mean the book."

"I would not," said Patrick.

"Why?"


"Becahse," responded the blonde, "becahse, for this raison, that they're not thtrue. Toime was whin I used to be raidin' of novels, but I soon sahw they was not none of them thtrue; and, as I do not belaiue in havin' no lois tould me which is not thtrue, Oi've quhit. For, fhat information Oi'd loike to knowh, or aiven intilligence is to be obtained frahm radin' of loies, and the writin's av thim, which is no bettther than the childher of the father of loies, I donno."

"Did you ever hear a true story?"

"Oi did."

"Tell it me."

"Oi wull," said he, and he opened a red and a fiery-



looking cavern and he spoke: "This is fhat you'd cah! a pathittical little tale, arrohhoo! For it was in the ould counthry and theyre Tim Nagle, he was in love wid Biddy Flannagan, arrohhoo!"

"Biddy Flannagan, Arrohhoo," observed I, "a most remarkable name, that."

The jaw of the story-teller fell and his face was, for a moment, a lineless blank.

"I was takin' brbrith," he said, "for, widout brith, 'tis quhoite a difficulthy Oi has in spakin'."

"Pardon me," said I, "go on."

"Don't mintion it," he responded and, after a few unsatisfactory attempts to do so, proceeded as follows: "Now the wan av thim was so in love with the other wan they aiven became turned into hypnotics and, in thêir sleep began to go walkin' over fields an' woods, an' goin' around barefoot, while aslape, over the edges av the roofs av houses the same as a couple av cats walkin' over china an' 'twas by moonlight they done it, widout fallin' arff, aiven fer an insthant, and picked boquets of flowers in their shleep, which they kindly presinted the wan to the other, wid words, in their schleep, which was pothry throughout; and in the day toime the two av thim was always insiperable, aiven whin moiles apart. An' this was throe. For where is the man what will be dairin' to denoy it? Nor ever could they march fifty feet without stoppin' to look first, wid yearnin' strainin' oyes aich into the faces av the other, an' thin mairch on.

"Well now; for so it happend, it bein' in the winther, that, in the wake av Daycimber, there was a wake at Mrs. Murphy's, beyant the crarse roads, Mrs. Murphy, she hersif bein' the corpse, havin' been belathed, and gôt froze while she was in a sittin' posthure, an' passin'


through the woods close to wheyre she lived. Bein' so froze, whin took home an' straightened out for the carffin, she, like a rubber doll sprung back to a sittin' posture again. Well, that was throuble enough; for aiven whin aloive she'd been throuble enough, but, through so comin' to act in the manner of a rubber doll, she was more. But av' course they nailed down the carffin lid upon her wid minny schmall round nails, arrohhoo.

"Now, the lovers was at that wake takin' place that wake in Daycumber. An', as sometoimes has happened, there was dhrinkin', an' weepin', an' mournin', an' childher foightin' in the back yard, an' a foine toime we had.

Well, it were about midnight, whin the lovers was dancin' at the fut av the carffin, while the air av the room was gettin' colder an' colder whin, av a suddint, the sthiff grew more sthiffer whereon the upper lid flew off up to the ceilin', an' Mrs. Murphy, wid a bib undher her chin, sat bolt upright. Her arrums on her brist was crarsed, the the same as is a proize foighthers, whoile, wid her glassy eye she looks at thim two dancers at the fut av the carffin wid a grin, arrohhoo, which was, for the moment, transfixched. Thin, thereupon, was theyre coat-tails seen flyin' through the windows, an' wan av thim up the chimblly.

"Nobody av thim all had been awayre, exceptin' her nephew, how the ould leddy had been froze in that posture, who had laid her out, an' had not sphoken av it.

"Well, durin' the bangin' av doores, an' the jinglin' av fallin' glass, an' guests schreekin' an' escapin', Ted Geoheghan, her nephew, who havin' laid her out, was the only wan who knew why the ould leddy flew up, was sthandin', all solemn, in a corner. Himsilf havin' always been a lover av the pretty Biddy, wid the dimples, but



always widout hope, considerin' the way, ashleep an' awake she'd been carryin' on wid Tim Nagle, he'd been divisin' schemes an' conthrivances, as bein' the only possible way to win her for himselff, by thrickery. Now, in the hub-bub, he saw that at lasht had come his chanst, the more especially as the loights had been knocked out in the rush. So, theyreupon, in a voice immithated frahm the grave, he cahls out: "Now hear the vice that cahls to you. Lave Oireland, you dhirty booby, Tìm Nagle, baste that you are!" three toimes if not four. Well, sor, the effect av the words was no less than thremenjous. The lovers for three days had fits an' was unexpected to live. An' then they talked it over an' sphoke to the neighbors, an' all av thim was no liss than unanimous he should, arrohoó, take the advice av the corpse, an' widout much thinkin' it over, he did so, an' wint to America, melancholy enough for a whoile, the whoile his swaithairt was lift to poine in ould Oireland. But it was not long he was theyre until he wint out Wist, an' sahlted up a mine, an' in consequence became noted an' rich an' sint home for the swatehairt, who had been poinin' till thin, an' had paid no other attintion to the roival, but only to give him scornful looks. So she came out an' they was unithed in marriage. Havin' a good woman behind him Tim is more prosperous than iver. An' what wid pollythricks an' boodle, for which some pissymists has been blamin' him, but which I cannot see is so different frahm other business it bein' well known, as furriners has found out, what a conthrollin' element money is wid Americans, he's likely to be runn for, and, elechted buy it, into the American Presidincy."

Choimes.

NOW, Patrick," said I, to my janitor, this morning, who seemed to think that the whole room had resolved itself, for his purposes, into the top of the clock, and that, by dusting that he had dusted the room; "now, Patrick, as I see you are getting tired—"

"Yd do? Yd do? And how now?"

"By the great care that I've observed you to be exercising, as you have made passes with your feather duster over the clock."

"By the great passes you've observed Oive been makin' for exercise, over the feather duster, wid the clock. Yarra, wirra arrahoo! Noh, now?"

"Yes."

"Noh, I said."

"I said yes."

"Maybe it's a penethratin' mind enables you to be so aisy seein' things. Is it now: I dunno?"

"No, I don't suppose you do. But still," said I, "I may be permitted to make a surmise to the effect that it may be."

"Yis," said Mr. Finnegan, as, with his duster, he carefully dusted his forehead, as he meditated, "that's jusht it. Maybe 'tis."

"Patrick," said I.

"Yer honor?" said Mr. Finnegan, looking up.

"That was a good story you told me last week."

"About the wake of the widow's? Soh't was."

"Now, as you've told me about a widow's wake," said

I, "you will, of course, be able to tell me about the wake of a widower?"

"Yahahack!" [quick time please] said Mr. Finnegan, "so it follys, do it, that becahse Oive tould you of a widow's wake, Oi'll be able to tell av the wake of a widower? I don't see fhy so."

"Oh, now, Patrick," said I, "but you must."

"If I musht, that I musht. Well, then, here goes—but shtop. Perhaps I had besht think a bit," said he, and he scratched his head. Then as something like a smile of beatitude began to lighten up the features about his gradually opening mouth, I saw that, becoming inspired, he was about to speak.

"It were a widower, sure enough," said he. "Soh't was. I was at the time empl'yed as his coachman, he bein' a fiery old widower, jusht frahm th' Aist Indees; aitin' curry and rice had made him th' moore so; and his wan great failin' was being ann'yed by the bells av churches. Upon returning frahm th' Aist Indees he'd purchased a beautiful mansion, and by putting pagodys to the roof made it the pride of his hairt, just whin a church was erected opposite wid choimes. 'Patrick,' said he, 'then was there no other place on the face av the whole globe they could put that church but opposite my pagodys?' and fell down in a fit. Comin' to wid a sigh says he: 'My aivil jaynious is always churches wid bells, and to think av it now!' said he, firin' up, 'here comes one not alone wid bells, but bells which is choimes,' and fell down in more fits. He then come to swearin', and a parrot which had contracted the habit from him, brought frahm th' Aist Indees, joined in and was swearin' as his chorus. So we moved.

"We rinted a house and moved in, the nearest church

to which was a mile away. The next mornin', bein' woke by quite a hubbub, I rushed to his room to find him and the parrot, as I sphosed, both swearin' thimselves black in the face at aich other and into apoplectic fits.

"Phwat is it?" I asked him.

"'Phwat is it?' Phwat ain't it!" said th' Aist Indian. 'It's tin thousand Swiss bell ringers, or devils possessed, in the house to the wan side, practisin', wid bells, on the doxology; and the house on the other side, though it do not look it, is the Salvation Airmy barracks, and the foine religious din about six batthalions has been makin' since before two o'clock in the marnin', a. m., what would make a Chinese thayater cry quits. Come, we'll move.


"'Come, we'll move,' said the parrot, bein' indignant, 'so we will;' and we did.

"But church bells bein' his aivil jaynious, as Oive said, he made the next landlord sign a conthraact and guarantee no churches was near. And then he felt aisy.

"But church bells bein' his aivil jaynious, on the third night a fire-bell in the next block began ringin', and on the spur av the moment me and him and the parrot, sphosin' it was choimes, we fled again.

"At last he moved into the counthry, and fallin' in love wid a maiden leddy he was about to marry her when she began buildin' a church. It were gall and ashes to him, and his love grew cold. Thin, one mornin' he received a letther askin' him, for her sake, to head a subscription for the bell and stand its godfather. It was wormwood. Insthead, he stood trimblin' wid rage; next wrote a note breakin' th' engagement; then swore with the parrot till he fell down in a fit of apoplexy.

"He whisphered very stern in my ear when dying: 'You bury me, an' make no mishtake, av a week day, in



the avenin', when they're's not inny service at seven p. m.,' and wid a smile added: 'And now I'll go where Oi'll get the besht av the bells!' and his head fell back.

"Well, he was in the carffin all laid out, and I had it carried to the church and set down before the chancel. Accordin' to his directions, nobody but me was present. It was dusk in th' avenin', and I was waitin' for the praist to come, when unexphecitedly the choimes began goin' as if all the little devils was at thim wid drum shticks, playin' a weddin' mairch, for it seemed that one was unexphecitedly to come off.

"Well, sir, wud ye blaive it, a vice comes frahm th' Aist Indian in the carffin, sayin': 'Let me out! Quhick! Let me out! Oi'll not stand it, no, I won't. If I can't have my wishes carried out, to be buried widout bells, Oi'll see to 't they'll not have the pleasure of buryin' me at-ahl, no I won't.'

"Long, long before he'd finished sayin' those thre-menjos words, it's grovllin' I was over and over on the floor, wid my hair standin' up on end as if shocked by electhricity. Gainin' courage, I takes a peep and sees him sittin' up comfortably like in the carffin, wid his fishts goin' like carpet beatin', and he swearin' at the choimes. I gives a long screech, like a locomotive bein' scalped by a woild Indian, and flew frahm the church.

"It seemed as fact, though, he'd not been dead, but only in a thrance, and the bells, by ringin' had roused him up, and bein' his gardeen angels, saved him, and brought him to."

Friends *at* Dutch Flat.

MRS. McKEE called on her bosom friend, Mrs. Warbeck. She was sitting with her and conversing, notwithstanding the opposition of the flies which buzzed around them and shot off hither and thither, describing angles and triangles above them, in the hotel at Dutch Flat. Dutch Flat, as the reader may not know, is a California town; a California town in which there is California dust; in which there are California ideas; and in which there is, of course, the California climate.

At the time that the story opens two California birds were singing lazily in a tree at the corner of the hotel; and in front of the hotel veranda two boys were fighting, not because they were boys born in California, but because California loafers, lounging in the chairs upon the porch, furnished them with that kind of applause—called often fame—for which poets, “fakirs,” preachers, pugilists and statesmen work.

It will hardly be necessary to tell the reader that the two friends, to be the parties of the first part to this tale, are not exhibited as examples to follow. Young ladies are not expected to study their discourses as a style to imitate.

“I don’t like to speak evil of the dead, most especially my own,” said Mrs. Warbeck, as she aimed a blow at a fly belonging to the hotel which would not believe that the black cherries on her hat were anything but genuine, and missed it. Mrs. Warbeck was a widow and at the pres-

ent time was encased in triple crepe. "But the next time I come to marry," she continued, as she struck at a fly again, "if I ever could come to think of it, I say it right out now, once for all, positive beyond dispute, never to be varied, the man I marry has got to have a character. Now, that's flat. I've been married three times, goodness knows, and though I do say it, who should not, they being dead, yet, what were they ever to me, but just three simple antagonisms?"

"Still," observed Mrs. McKee, her most intimate friend, "weren't they altogether of your own choosing? If so, why fly flat into the face of things which were to be and has been, and be objecting?"


"Ah, dear, Mrs. McKee," Mrs. Warbeck replied; "that's just it. Had they been other than my own choosing, I might have fared better and could not have fared worse; for all the world might as well admit it—females more especially than others—that when a woman is in love, her judgment is bias; in consequence, in no state of mind to be judicial. Love was always painted blind by the old mythological painters; and when a woman is truly in love she's like one with cataracts falling down over her eyes. That's the reason marriage is the failure you hear some single women making such a dreadful billyballoo about. I've married three times, as I say, who shouldn't, exclusively from motives of love; and although I do say it, have outlived my husbands, who shouldn't; and although a woman might as well bear her trials as best she may, without complaining, which I don't, yet as you and I are as much like sisters as twins, or otherwise, why not? And I do say each of my three was failures, by way of choice, worse than none."

Her triple weeds trembled; while thus protected, she

seemed about to hurl defiance at a deceptive male race. A warlike sound issued from behind her handkerchief. She continued:

"My first was, you know, a musician—now think of it! What was the consequence, but everlasting horns, worse than the day of the millenium, blown into my ear drums; fiddles, with all of the essences of them scraping my nerves off as if sand paper, or saws; violins and oh, boys, putting my teeth on edge, like green fruit and lemons; and a fine state I was in, without health! I couldn't sit still, and was running wild! What a life of fugue and contretemp, and semiquavers, and quarter notes I was led nobody dreams but I. Often, as he was all music, I watched him, when asleep, while he slowly waved his hand, as he snored away to time beats. On occasions, when his musician friends came around daily, and all got tuning up at once, it is needless to say I grew utterly frantic and was worse, far, than inquisitive.

"The business of my second was legislative funny work, which was worse than music, for it was mere bribery. He was the one by whom I got my watered stocks and franchises and thingumbobs, now in the hands of my lawyer, which my third looked after, and since him is in probate. Of course my second, being a worker on the quiet, as people have since said, never told his business to me, which was a caution, and aggravated me, when I asked, by saying if he did my tongue would put him behind the bars, at which he would chuckle; and I never knew how he got along so easy and never one solitary stroke of work, except only on jury business, till since he's been dead. In consequence of that, my life, while married to him, was one continuous strain and desire and wish to know. But no; notwithstanding the traps



I set and letters I wrote anonymous, always signed 'Police,' and begging and demanding my rights, for long years he clung to his silence, like a lone man to a spar in mid ocean. The horrors I went through, in having a husband I didn't know, who might be a pirate when asleep and skin me alive, or a burglar, or a lunatic imagining me to be a mummy and burn me, none but me could ever tell, and it's beyond me!

"My third," she continued, "told me, when I married him, he was a kind of artist, but would not say which. I may say, by my second, curiosity had been so long kept back in me, it was like a thing which is chronic; and I do believe this had something to do with my marrying with my third, in order to find out. Having been to Europe, that had given me a taste for art and artificial things, so I married that man.

"Now Mrs. McKee, I tell you, as I know it will go no further, my third case was a case; a complete contravention of all things which I'd ever preconceived." She was unable, for some moments, because of her emotion, to go on.

"Dear Mrs. Warbeck, do bear it," said her companion. "I know what martyrdom it was. There, that's a dear. Now tell me, what did he do to you?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Warbeck replied.

"Oh yes, dear," said Mrs. McKee, "he did something, or you wouldn't be agitated so."

"No," replied Mrs. Warbeck, "what he did, he did to others. He buried them.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed the horror stricken Mrs. McKee, "was he a murderer then?"

"To me," said Mrs. Warbeck, "considering the way

it affected my poor nerves, far worse than being so. He was an undertaker!"

"I thought," her bosom friend said, "that he was an artist?"

"Yes, that kind of an artist," answered Mrs. Warbeck. "He used to tell me he buried people with such fine art, that their relatives went off proud. But oh, just think of me in a gloomy room, alone with a man whose undertakings was almost altogether with those deceased! Think of me!"


"There, dear, I will," said her companion.

"I'm not a bit superstitious," Mrs. Warbeck continued, "but things would creak so! And then again, because of his taste in things about the house, they would look so ghostly! The table cloth seemed like drapery, the window curtains he selected was shrouds over again; and he had the bath tub, in which I had to bathe, made, according to his ideas, coffin shaped. Then our portraits were all cherubs in undress and angels in netting and what not. Then, too, Mr. Warbeck always walked around like a man fearing tacks and spoke as if with a cold, in a whisper. Imagine the voices I thought I heard in that silent house; think of the fairy foot falls and the unseen feet! Think of the ghostly statute in every nick!"

"Poor dear, poor child, do——"

"And I resolved in consequence," continued Mrs. Warbeck, "if ever I could,—and I don't think I should,—ever marry again, the man I marry must come with a character."

Mr. Warbeck had died six weeks previously. Some of the chief men of Dutch Flat were, nevertheless, beginning to show Mrs. Warbeck considerable attention; and with one of them, who owned the fastest horse in the



town, but nothing else whatever, she did not seem to be greatly displeased. This swain besides being proud of his horse, was proud of his checked suit and of the heavy charms on his watch chain. Mrs. Warbeck sat silent for fully a minute after the last recorded remark and then said:

"What would you do about it, dear?"

"Do about what?" her surprised companion asked.

"Oh, said Mrs. Warbeck, as she smiled and turned red, "I was just thinking."

"Well, love," observed Mrs. McKee, who had noticed the frequency of the visits of late of the man with the checked suit, "if I was you, I'd marry him. There now I've said it."

For a moment the bosom friends looked knowingly at each other, and then throwing their arms around the necks of one another, gave way to triumphant happiness. Some moments of enjoyment passed. Mrs. Warbeck then said suddenly: "But he must have a recommend. On that I'm quite resolved; though he's the dearest fellow. What would you advise?"

"A recommend," said Mrs. McKee, seeing that her friend wished it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Warbeck, thoughtfully, "I think so. Don't you think him just handsome?"

"He surely is," answered Mrs. McKee.

"And dresses so."

"That he does."

"I knew you'd say so," said Mrs. Warbeck, "you always have such fine, splendid judgment."

Mr. Pinkney, the would-be husband, had between his thick head of hair and thick beard a white nose, red at the end; a white brow, with wrinkles across it; and small,

black eyes, above which were straight eyebrows, now turning gray. He was tall and round shouldered. Upon being told that he must get some one to vouch for his character, Mr. Pinkney was at first, for some reason best known to himself, nonplussed. Meditative, then, with his right elbow in the palm of his left hand, while his chin was between the two first fingers and the thumb of his right; jubilant, at last, with a smile on his face. He determined to call a friend, whose name was Hall, to his assistance.

The two friends were dining together, in a Mexican restaurant, when Mr. Pinkney spoke of the matter to Mr. Hall.

"Of course," Hall said, who was something of a cynic, "I'll vouch for you. I'd as willingly put your best foot forward as your worst."

The subject was then, for the time, dropped. When about to leave the table Mr. Hall asked Mr. Pinkney if he had ever tasted mescal. As he had not, glasses of this Mexican drink were ordered. Hall but tasted his, knowing its strength, while his friend drank a glassful. Although in the habit of drinking heavily except when at the race course, the liquor at once affected Mr. Pinkney; and notwithstanding the protestations of his companion, he ordered a second glass and with a swallow emptied it. Mr. Hall then saying that he could not vouch for him, when in that condition, declined to go with him; but as Mr. Pinkney kept insisting on his company, even if he did not endorse him, he at last consented to go and went.

Half an hour later they were in Mrs. Warbeck's parlor. In the grate a hot fire was burning. The fire caused the mescal to affect Mr. Pinkney much more than it would otherwise have done. His ideas became vague and his language imperfect.

"This is Hall, who has come to recommend me," he said, when he introduced his friend. It was not long after he had taken his seat, before his chin was at rest upon his shirt front.

"Ah, Mr. Hall," Mrs. Warbeck said, "I am more than pleased to meet you. An old friend of Mr. Pinkney?"

"I am," Mr. Hall answered and said no more.

"Well?" she exclaimed, as if anticipating some farther remark.

"Yes," said the cynical Hall. "But I have nothing to say. All you've got to do is to look at that open speaking countenance of his, and read it."

"Jus' so," Mr. Pinkney acquiesced, raising his head slightly from his shirt front, "though lil tired just now."

"That's it. A little tired just now," repeated Hall.

"Oh, is he?" asked Mrs. Warbeck, with sympathy. "Tired? That's too bad!"

Mr. Hall looked towards her, astonished.

"Now, Mr. Hall, please," she continued, "what were you going to say of him?"

"That he is a good-hearted fellow and well enough, when sober; but just what he is when tired I leave him to say, as by his looks, you can see he speaks for himself."

"I don't understand you," she said.

"You don't?" answered Hall. "Don't you see his condition?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Warbeck, "I do. He's tired."

Mr. Hall looked at Mrs. Warbeck as if he expected to see evidences in her face of insanity. She gazed back at him with a puzzled look.

"Ah, you men!" she then exclaimed, "why can't you be serious! I suppose possibly he's had a glass of sherry

or port, or something, and you want to pretend he drinks. Tell me, seriously now, he doesn't drink, does he?"

"You hear the lady's question?" exclaimed the amazed Hall, turning to Pinkney. "You don't drink now, do you?"

"No, sir, not never no times, sir," responded Pinkney, as he raised his fist and shook it.

"No," said Hall, "of course you don't. You don't drink. Never, 'not never, no times.' For you just pour it, and it goes down without drinking. How could I have made the mistake?"


"No, sir," said Pinkney.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Warbeck, "I just knew he didn't."

Hall muttered something which was altogether inaudible; stooped down and picked up his hat from the side of the chair, where he had previously placed it, and saying: "I see no further use, whatever, for me," bade Mrs. Warbeck good evening and started for home.

It was only after he had been walking ten minutes that he discovered that he was going south, instead of north, the direction which must be taken if he expected to reach home at all, and had before reaching there more or less completely gotten into his head some knowledge of feminine human nature that had not before been in it.

Two weeks later when Mr. Pinkney and Mrs. Warbeck were married, Hall was not invited to the wedding, as the bride objected to him on the ground that he was deceitful, and therefore no longer fit to be the associate of her prospective husband.



Wild *and* Woolly *from* the East.

HE was not an ordinary man, who walked as you and I do, for he strode. It is possible that you have heard of persons, incapable of walking, who have this strange habit. Instead of walking down the street, which he could never have done, he strode down the street, which was something he could do with a grace peculiarly his own.

Besides this, instead of standing in a ball room, as ordinary human beings do, he did what ordinary human beings do not generally do—he posed (as a man with a marble brow and chiselled features, who strode, should have done); and had his classic corns trampled upon in consequence. His name was De Moultry, and he had De Moultry, and only De Moultry blood in his veins; blood with which every reader is familiar. Mr. De Moultry possessed a muscular and powerful frame. And he practiced constantly with pistols in order to give the world in general the impression that he was a person not to be trifled with; the meaning of his pistol (symbolically expressing the idea) being that he was a man of a serious turn of mind. He was quite a conversationalist in his way, and full of anecdotes about himself; especially when as full as a De Moultry could ever become of something else besides himself. A great many people were, in these anecdotes, placed in much peril, and it took a De Moultry to rescue them.


According to his statements he had, among other peculiarities, the playful habit of “booting” people; not that

he was a shoemaker, by any means, as the incautious reader might suppose. His booting was by way of punishment.

Breaking the string, as it were, which held him to civilization, he went out into the uncouth West, whose lack of civilization we read about in the works of those vivid novelists, whose characters, usually dressed in red shirts and gum boots, carry bowie knives, and horse pistols; repent often for mysterious and unknown crimes; take a six months' course under a meek eyed minister, having a white and bloodless face, who goes by the name of "pard," characters who do other things not less startling and more or less wonderful.

Having read about this West, Mr. De Moultry dawned upon a town in Washington State like a wild and woolly Solomon in all his glory. He wore red flannel and buckskins; a broad-brimmed gray hat, with something like a rope around it; and an armory around his waist, the belt of which served, as well, to hold up his pantaloons, to keep down his hunger, and to establish a reputation.

Mr. De Moultry stepped on a car, with a locomotive in front of it, which ran from the town referred to out to another town fifteen miles away. A lady coming from a distant town, was to join him on the train and take the journey with him. The lady had been met by him in the East. In a little while a green farm wagon with yellow wheels, on the high front seat of which the lady sat, drew up alongside of the car. Mr. De Moultry, in his astounding costume, went out to help her down from the wagon to the platform, and by his dress astonished her as much as the inhabitants of Holland and Italy have been astonished by similar representations exhibited on the boards of their theatres of the inhabitants of the West. He next escorted her to a seat in the car. Miss Tessie



Vest, the lady referred to, as she sat beside him, attracted some attention, for she was known to be the daughter of a ranch owner of prominence and was, besides, attractive in herself; but compared with the attention attracted by Mr. De Moultry, the attention attracted by her was as the breeze produced by a chemist's blow pipe to a gale of wind. Ahead of them, and five or six feet away, sat a couple of Indians dressed neither neatly nor grandly in stolen trousers and worn-out blankets; and having never seen such a superb and magnificent costume as he wore, they gazed upon Mr. De Moultry with eyes gleaming with an intense and greedy covetousness. Three fishermen, in the front end of the car, having had, of late, but few opportunities to witness anything dramatic in appearance, made the most of the present opportunity, and half of the windows of the car had the very solemn and compressed faces of small boys against them, who stared steadily, and yet suspiciously, at Mr. De Moultry, with that total lack of embarrassment peculiar to candid and ever observant childhood. A number of modestly dressed business men got on board and looked at him; but finding him a puzzle, in his way, beyond their powers to solve, they gave him up and left him to time, which is said to solve all enigmas.

Mr. De Moultry, in a bathing suit and an ulster, had beamed on Miss Vest the year before at Newport, where she had been visiting relatives, and in time had become aware that she was without brothers or sisters, and that she had a father who was apparently in need of a son-in-law to step into his shoes and walk in his steps. He was heart broken, seemingly, when she started home; and after some sleepless nights, determined to go west, as,

under the Greely doctrine, a young man who wishes to prosper is required to do.

In the meantime, however, as these things are often done by parental proxy, her father had formed for Miss Vest an attachment, in her behalf, for the foreman of a lumber mill; a large, dull, awkward and overgrown youth with a long beard; with eyes far apart, a wart on his nose, and carrot-colored hair. Just as the car was starting this apparition got on board of the train; but seeing what seemed a phantom far more formidable in appearance, beside his sweetheart, he stared his bottle green eyes almost out of place as he gazed at him, and feared for his prospects.

While it was true that her father was in this gentleman's favor, the young lady herself was not entirely so. She had, as yet, grave doubts as to whether he would prove satisfactory. "Well, Tess," he remarked, after he had mustered sufficient courage to speak, "how are you anyhow?" As it appeared that she was ordinarily well "anyhow," and as her fortified companion gazed with mingled wonder and contempt upon his countenance, after standing in awkward silence for a few moments on one leg, he betook himself to a seat in the back end of the car, and there thought deeply and profoundly over this new and unexpected development.

Having no great confidence in his powers of ratiocination—for as he often in his modesty remarked he "never was much at thinking"—Mr. Fraser drew largely upon his instincts for information, when in the performance of mental labor; and his instincts on this occasion told him positively that here was a rival, and one, judging from his appearance, to be neither scorned nor despised.

That night, in Mr. Vest's low roofed house, a clock

on the sitting room wall ticked; burning logs crackled on and irons with serpents' heads, crackled and threw sparks out on the earthen floor; steam sizzled out of green wood; and the flames roaring, jumping and springing up the chimney kept dancing shadows on the walls. Mr. De Moultry, watching the vindictive face of Fraser, sat on one side of the fire-place, as these weird lights and shadows played upon it; and Fraser sat on the other side, hoping that his instincts would suggest some method by which the supercilious De Moultry might be compelled lawfully to shuffle off his mortal coil.

A door which was open displayed the next room in which they had just dined with Mr. Vest and Tessie, his daughter. The roast of beef, the turnips, the parsnips, the cabbage and the brown bread were still displayed on the table by the light of two tallow candles; and Miss Tessie, in a white apron, was bustling in and out as she assisted in clearing the table. Between the two rivals, and directly in front of the fire, sat the one who would probably judge between them; the all-important father of the lady. And yet, reaching the conclusion from mere appearances, he did not seem such a great man. His face was as wrinkled as a winter apple late on in spring; and while pruning his finger nails with a pocket scythe, no great reserve force was displayed in his face as he cast alternate glances at his would-be sons-in-law—the would-be successors and heirs to those farms and wheat lands in the acquisition of which the fists upon which he gazed had become so horny and hard.

The white hands and distinguished ways of De Moultry at once prejudiced Mr. Vest against the idea that that gentlemen should ever have the opportunity of using, at parties and balls, the property which came from the sweat

of his brow. "Not if I happen to know myself," Mr. Vest unconsciously said aloud. On the other hand the swain supplied with instincts in place of reason; the swain whose hands were hard and yellow, on that account, inspired in Mr. Vest that fellow feeling which makes men wondrous kind.

An instinct came to the relief of the overburdened and meditating Fraser.

"Ever shoot anything?" enquired he suddenly, looking hard, as he spoke, at De Moultry's pistols.

"Yes," Mr. De Moultry answered.

"What?" asked the interested Fraser, his language the soul of wit.

"Little toad-stools and pea-wees," answered De Moultry with sternness.

"Anything else?" continued Fraser.

"Yes—humming birds," said De Moultry.

"Then mebbe," said Fraser, "you got trained that way for bears and catamount; though I don't know as they're quite so dangerous as humming birds is whar *you* come from." Fraser seemed to meditate awhile.

There was a stream in the woods back of the farm house, and a certain spot on its bank had been taken up and appropriated, as its exclusive property, by an animal which shall be unmentionable. The idea entered the head of Mr. Fraser that it would be a brilliant thing to speak of this animal, small as it was, as a panther, and that, by suggesting that Mr. De Moultry should go out with him the next morning at daylight, to kill it, he could learn whether Mr. De Moultry was really as dangerous as he looked; and if he were not, he would have the pleasure of frightening him, perhaps, out of his wits, or perhaps even out of the country.

His remarks about the suppositious panther were now addressed to the apple faced Vest; and that gentleman saw the point and pretended to think that the idea of a hunt was a good one. De Moultry, upon asking about the size of the animal, was informed that it was thirteen feet long, three and a half high, and that besides, its teeth were remarkable specimens. De Moultry then asked if there were any rifles about the house and was informed that there were none.

"We fight panthers," said Fraser—he pronounced it "painters"—out here with knives; which is all I am going to take; but you, I see, are more fonder of pistols."

Mr. De Moultry saw that unless he accepted the invitation, he was a lost man in so far as his reputation for courage went in the eyes of Mr. Vest, and, perhaps, in the eyes of his daughter. He agreed, therefore, to go; and it is needless to say that when he sat, the next morning, beside the interested Fraser, with his back against a half charred stump, he trembled from something that was not only cold. Fraser, however, who expected to see the animal which we have disdained to mention, and then leave his companion to fight it, was as cool as the cucumber (whose well known reputation for calmness is established), and, to the astonishment of De Moultry, was armed with but a dull carving knife, the point of which was broken off.

The stream by which they sat ran along the edge of a blue forest, beneath which was an almost impenetrable jungle. Suddenly there was a crackling and breaking sound in the brush in front of them; and then Fraser, turning white, gave a cry of alarm. "Good God! Run for your life!" he shouted. Fifteen feet away from them, on a log which started upwards into the air, to his amazement there now stood an immense panther, whose tail was

moving like that of a cat, when it is about to spring. Fraser stumbled to his feet and fled from the scene. De Moultry attempted to do the same thing, but, to his horror, found that the belt containing his pistols had become caught by a root from the stump behind him, and there was no time to work it loose. It was an awful moment, but he jerked a self cocking revolver from his belt and unloaded its chambers so rapidly, while he fired at the panther, that he was hidden at once in a cloud of smoke. He then drew the other weapon from his belt, and played the same tune, once more, on the body of the animal which had fallen to the ground. After that the animal did not move. It was dead.

Having time now to do so, he released his belt from the root behind him, and then without rising, reloaded his pistols and waited for his rival to return. When Mr. Fraser did return he came accompanied by Mr. Best, who had an axe on his shoulder, and two farm hands who carried scythes, also one who carried a crow bar, and behind them came Miss Vest and an Indian girl who worked in the kitchen.

"Guess he's dead and we'll have to dig his grave," said Fraser, when near, with half concealed delight. "I guess not," said De Moultry (who intended to preserve the animal's skin as a trophy), blowing his nose with a red silk handkerchief by way of showing his coolness; and then, noticing their weapons, he added: "You are going haying, it seems?"

Various expressions were on their faces, as they unconsciously formed a circle around him. With open mouths, as they gazed upon him, they were able to express their surprise only by guttural sounds. Words, if they

could have commanded them. would, however, have been perhaps less satisfactory.

Mr. Fraser, after ten minutes of silence, without knowing exactly how he got there, next found himself in a turnip field, telling himself that he would be "gol durned;" and after furnishing himself with this pleasing and valuable information, he dropped his courtship, surrendered to what he considered the inevitable, and left Mr. De Moultry to proceed as he pleased and without opposition. As his costume—or, at least, his armory—had proved so serviceable, Mr. De Moultry continued to wear it. The result was that the simple Western denizens of the neighborhood came to look upon it as the costume of the less civilized East, adopted, of late years, by a new element, and to look upon the wearer, as the story of his fabulous coolness spread, as a very dangerous as well as very desperate Eastern "proposition." The young men did not dare, therefore, to attempt to rival him. In consequence of that fact, it was not long before Miss Vest was borne by him, as his bride, to the land of surprises from which he had come.




Spiegelgedamou.

WE have some assertions to make, and boldly. First: A great orator can deliver in its behalf a speech of such eloquence to the female executioner who is about to guillotine a turkey for a Thanksgiving dinner that, at the last moment, its life will be spared and it will itself be permitted to be thankful. The orator who could cause such a revolution in the feelings of the executioner as to bring about this result would possess what is called genius.

Second: The greatest of dramatists could and did discover books where none of us would look for them—in running brooks; sermons, where scientists sometimes find frogs—in stones. Genius again.

Thirdly: A Chinaman, knowing that there is such a thing as genius, while mistakenly locating it, however, in himself, may be seen often attempting to extract a fugue, or the music for an oratorio, either from a gong or from one of those fiddles which were invented in the kingdom of his satanic majesty for the exclusive use of his subjects, fiddles which only an almond-eyed denizen of the flowery kingdom would ever have attempted to introduce and make popular on earth. These remarks tend, we hope, to show the effect of genius and its power, as well as the power of the lack of it, on men. If they have served that purpose, they will prepare the way for the announcement that Hans Spiegelgedamou, a musician distinguished from other musicians by the shortness of his hair, could make his violin talk like a man or—woman.



Talk, do we say? More. Under the life-giving touch of the bow of this meek, frightened-looking, gold-spectacled, wild-eyed artist, in a long black coat which was too large for him, his violin would echo the sardonic laughter as it caught it (and until it thrilled the hearts of men) of a soul in the realms of torture. Spiegelgedamou could make it tell secrets which no science can discover, but with the instrument could, and did with ease, make it bring them from some four hundred and thirty-two dead worlds which are floating in space—secrets which, if his hair had been as long as that of the average musician, would have made it stand on end like the halo of a saint. No wonder that he wore a frightened look! In fact, this time-stained and unearthly-looking violin, which was 200 years old, was naturally a very knowing instrument; and to the ear, which the artist pressed close down to it as he played, it furnished information which it would furnish to no one else. Is it wonder then that he loved it?

In fact it was to him what his demon had been to Socrates—a guide and more than a friend. When in a serious mood, not only would it tell him of the wonders of the universe, but when disposed to joke—and it could joke—by imitating dogs howling, braying asses, or chickens gossiping from nest to nest while laying or pretending to lay eggs, it would often cause him to fall into fits of prolonged and solemn laughter. It began at last to offer advice, and its advice took in time the tone of command. So peremptory was its tone that he feared to disobey it. At first this was in relation to trifles. But one day it caused him almost to jump from his chair by saying:

“Spiegelgedamou, do you hear? Get married!”

Spiegelgedamou, who was a bachelor, turned pale.

"I think," he stammered, after a moment's hesitation, "that I do not quite understand you."

"Oh, yes you did," was the reply. "It was plain enough. You will proceed to get married."

"Are you sure?" Spiegelgedamou asked.

"Quite sure," was the violin's answer. "You must marry the widow Armook."


"What?" almost shrieked Spiegelgedamou, who had noticed that of late the widow's sharp eye had been constantly upon him.

Observing then that the instrument seemed offended he added: "Well, we shall see."

"We will see," said the violin.

To be brief, let it be stated that the violin, a week later, again called his attention to the matter, and afterward again and again, until Spiegelgedamou mentioned it himself to the widow; that thereafter the violin and the widow both kept continually referring to it until four months later, the wedding took place. Then Spiegelgedamou forgot all about the occurrence—at least for a time.

The cherished violin soon began to discover, however, that it had made a mistake on its own account. It saw that its mistress had an inborn antipathy to two things—to dogmatic violins and to husbands who wished to have their own way. This might not interfere with the innocent Spiegelgedamou but it would most certainly interfere with such a very knowing instrument. The result was that the instrument began suddenly to call itself all sorts of bad names for having made such an appalling blunder. And its views proved prophetic. The time came when Spiegelgedamou had to play in the woodshed. From that time on he was compelled to retreat step by step still further from home, until he found himself playing, one day,



in the woods, on the top of a hill, about a quarter of a mile away.

Let us refer for a moment, now, to other matters. The stories of the fairy books are all of them quite true. Genii abound. Hobgoblins are real. Honest ghosts often walk. Jack the Giant Killer may be as much of a historical character as was Kwang Foo Tsee, or Confucius.

These statements are susceptible of proof. Suppose, for a moment, that Marco Polo had visited California, had discovered there valleys in which even the Californian of whom he had previously read could neither fly nor walk; no California fish either shout or run. Suppose that he had discovered within her borders streams whose surfaces, resembling a moving crazy quilt, are divided up into parts of all of the colors of the rainbow, each one of which will cure its own particular disease; and that while blending, as the stream rolls onward, new compounds are produced by the mixture of the parts, by which still other diseases could be cured. If he had told his people at home of these discoveries, would they have dared to believe him? Suppose he had told them that in that state there are fires whose flames dance something like a perpetual Highland fling, and yet, as it were, upon an empty stomach, there being no sign of fuel beneath them. That the earth sometimes trembles as if beneath the heavy tread of a corpulent and invisible spirit. That if a man had attempted with a cross-cut saw, to cut down one of her trees which are fifty feet in diameter he would have been longer at his work even than is one of her San Joaquin mosquitos, when it is making the attempt to bore a hole through a raft, thus to sink it. What, if he had told his people of these things, would they have done to him? What, if he had repeated, besides, some of the other

things equally as susceptible of verification, and some of them not equally as susceptible of proof, which have been told of her, would they not have done to him? And if, for the purpose of making the Arabian Nights tales seem by comparison utterly insignificant, he had shown them that while California can do some wonders in the way of fruits and flowers, nothing tropical is to be compared to the incomparable imagination with which she has endowed some of her people, would not their amazement have caused them to lose altogether the power to do anything to him?

And so when it is said that in the northern part of that state, at one end of a green valley half a mile in width and two in length is an adobe hut, the reader will be prepared to believe the statement that by the adobe hut and through the valley runs such a stream. At the other end burns such a fire. And that some of the people dwelling in this valley are superstitious and often disturbed by strange sounds, however startling the assertion may appear, we do most positively assert.

A massive fire-place and chimney down which came mournful sounds in the winter time, was in the front room of the adobe hut. Through the one window in it half a dozen men in blue shirts and brown pantaloons, wearing also, as a rule, dusty slouch hats, could be seen nightly around a pine table on which burned a tallow candle, as they seemed (to the ordinary and uninitiated observer) to be playing either poker or monte, or strap, or tiger. Others watching the games in silence were seated in the shadows about the walls.

In such a weird looking gathering there is nearly always a "Shorty," and one occasion has been recorded on

which there was added beside to the assembly a "Nixy" and a "Mountain Fairy."

On an occasion some years after Spiegelgedamou and his wife had lived together in this hut—an occasion to which reference is to be made later on—there was a "Shorty" among those there gathered together. He was accomplished, and could throw a knife at a dollar, ten feet away, run the point of the blade through it at least four times out of five, and keep the dollar besides, if you did not refuse to give it to him, which sometimes you did not. His accomplishment caused the rest to look up to him and, out of deference to his weapon, to do him honor.

But let us again return to Spiegelgedamou and his wife. It was in this hut that during the first months of their married life they had dwelt, or rather, Mrs. Spiegelgedamou had. The greater part of the time of her husband was spent in the woods some distance behind it. There he and his fiddle would condole together until suddenly the sound of his wife's voice would be heard calling, "Spiegelgedamou-u-u-h!" and echo adding what she would otherwise, perhaps, have wished to add herself—"Jamou!!! damou!!! damou!! damou!" When he would return to the house, he would there listen with bowed head to the speech which his wife would make to him—a speech in which, as the violin would remark when he had again returned to the woods—she had made it fully as hot as Chili peppers could have done for him.

She grew worse and worse. He tried to pacify her by bringing her bouquets of wild flowers. But as on one occasion, while in a state of absentmindedness, he had put some poison oak leaves into the bouquet, from which she contracted a trouble which closed her eyes, and buried her nose from sight in her swollen face, for over a week, he

found it useless to try, ever afterward, to get into her good graces by that method. Under her directions he would chop more wood and carry more water to the house than through his spectacles he could discover to be necessary, and would obey her meekly in other respects; but there was one matter in regard to which Spiegelgedamou was altogether obstinate. He would even grow angry when it was suggested. No matter how much she persisted he would not destroy the detested and advice-giving violin.

When a woman like Mrs. Spiegelgedamou wishes to have her own way she is pretty sure to be personally affronted if she does not have it. The desire to have her own way grows with her just in proportion to the degree in which she does not have it until it becomes after awhile a mania—a madness. She will then give directions in relation to all sorts of matters—at least so thought Spiegelgedamou—which do not concern her, and insist upon having them carried out.

We will not attempt to go into all the pitiable details, but will simply say that one day when the domestic tyrant had worked herself up into a white heat of passion she rushed at her husband, whom she should have pitied and carassed and encouraged instead, chased him from the house, and actually kicked with her unlaced shoe at the violin, as he fled through the door!

She told Spiegelgedamou not to return until the instrument had been broken into ten hundred thousand pieces. As she had, unconsciously to herself, while chasing him, carried a long, gleaming carving knife in her hand, Spiegelgedamou had been half frightened to death, and had taken strides of such prodigious length that his coat tails had streamed out behind him. As soon as he had gotten out of sight she began anxiously and loudly to call him

back. But Spiegelbedamou, who heard only what the echoes said, did not feel encouraged to return; and, although she called for nearly an hour, he came not.

It is only when we have lost what is worth having, my friends, that we begin to value it. And it was for this reason that the time came when Mrs. Spiegeledamou not only longed for the return of her husband, but even yearned for the old music in the woods which the echoes had so lovingly repeated. But now that she longed for it, its sound was hushed and a dead silence reigned only. Now, as she heard but the dull, wearing and washing sound of the waters of the creek, not only did she recall for the first time the amiable traits of her husband, but the good points of the violin also. Year after year she listened for its sound in the woods, and although at times, she thought for a moment that she heard it, it was but a hope disappointed. She never heard it. The music of earth seemed to have gone out of her life. But into it, instead, something softer had come. On her face there were lines now, and her hair was becoming silvered. To the old people she was becoming older; to children younger. When her troubles came to make her more like a little child they loved her. The music of the instruments which she had detested, and her recollections of the wild-eyed man who had played it, were now very sweet in her memory, and it was there that they wrought these changes.

She had moved to a hut across the creek. About this time she received a package and letter by express, sent by some mysterious person who signed himself: "Truly yours, Old Violin." An odd name that, but odder still was the fact that the package contained money. Of course the idea never entered her head for a moment that her husband had sent it. Such men seldom have it in their power to

send packages of that kind. Besides, she had made up her mind that he was dead. For a long time these unsentimental packages were sent half yearly by this mysterious person, who—except on one occasion—always signed himself “Old Violin.” On that occasion (whether intentionally or not, it would be hard to say) he had signed himself “Old Villain” instead.

The art of Spiegelgedamou, which had been despised at home, had attracted the attention of a theatrical manager first and then of a public abroad. Hence these business-like packages which, at the instance of his violin—which desired to heap coals of fire on the head of its former enemy—had been sent out of its share of the proceeds to her.

The old adobe hut was occupied, years after Spiegelgedamou left home, by Jacks, Bills, Shortys, etc., as we have said, and as we have also said, there dwelt in another hut across the creek, a lonely woman. The once prosperous town was almost deserted. In California towns have lived and died in a decade.

One moonlight night the Shortys, Toms, Jacks and Bills, who had been playing cards in the hut once occupied by Spiegelgedamou, had stopped and were discussing in whispers—almost whispers—the report that had gotten abroad, that Spiegelgedamou was dead and that the place was haunted, when they were startled by what seemed to be a cock crowing by the window. This was such an unusual thing for that time of night that a search for the guilty feathered owner of the voice was at once made. When it proved fruitless, Shorty turned pale. Then, when what seemed to be the death-shriek of some one up the chimney was heard, they all turned white. When an ass seemed to bray from the roof of the hut, Shorty felt

constrained to leave it, and the rest followed. Need it be said that Spiegelgedamou and "Old Violin" were close at hand? That because of the actions of Mrs. Spiegelgedamou when he last saw her, Spiegelgedamou was doubtful as to what would be his reception. That he had perched himself in the top branches of a tree close to the hut, and that by causing "Old Violin" to give utterance to these hideous sounds he had chosen the best method of testing his wife's present disposition toward him? He did not have long to wait. A gray haired woman standing in the moonlight in a doorway across the creek recognized them without difficulty and understood their import. She called him by name.

"Well, then," said Spiegelgedamou, who had recognized her voice, but did not see her, "May I come in?"

"You can," was the reply.

"Ah, then, but can *he* come in too? Can I bring *him*?"

"You can! You can!" said the anxious voice in a very different tone from what he had expected.

The voice seemed, to Spiegelgedamou's surprise to have something like tears in it.

"Make haste," he heard her say.

He did make haste. Three minutes later husband, wife and violin were clasped in a long and tender embrace.

We have learned, upon inquiry, that the three have become the very best of friends, and it is even remarked that if one of them is more friendly than another, it is the violin.

Forced to Relent.

AN acquaintance, who said that circumstances compelled him to witness what transpired, told me the following story. He said: "Not long ago, while hunting in the country, I came upon two enormous oak trees, beneath whose spreading branches, which met together, was a rough table. The place was evidently one to which people came for picnics. The grass beneath was an emerald hue; in the distance the mountains rose; and around their ancient heads the white clouds hung. Fifty feet from these two trees ran a stream, clear as crystal, and hanging over its edges were the branches of alder trees. The sunlight stealing through them fell with a golden gleam on the water, and danced there to the accompaniment of its music.

I had had a long walk and was tired. So, lying under the brush near the trunk of one of the oaks, I fell asleep. How long I had slept there I did not know when I was awakened by voices apparently in dispute.. Unperceived myself, because of the bush beneath which I had been sleeping, I could look through it and see anyone in the neighborhood. I did so, and by the table, about twenty-five feet away, I could see a young man and young woman, who were apparently French, or of French descent, making preparations for a picnic lunch. The first words which I heard them utter interested me in what they were saying and made me determine to lie still and listen to the rest of their conversation.

The girl, who was about seventeen, wore a short calico

dress with pink figures on it, and around her waist pink ribbons. On her head was a straw hat, with a broad brim, which was not, however, broad enough to hide the mocking mischief of her eye, which I at once discovered. The youth was of slim build, with a red, healthy countenance, and about twenty-one years of age.

The girl had awakened me by saying, "Alphonse, I will never marry you as long as your father objects. Never!"

"And he will never consent," said the young man called Alphonse; "he will never consent, as you know, Annette, for one thousand years."

"Well, then, wait!" said Miss Annette, decisively.

Mr. Alphonse looked about as blue as the blue tub on the ground, which was filled with dishes.

"Now," said Annette, "did you fill the pitcher at the spring?"

"Pardon, Annette, I forgot."

"You always forget."

"Since I forgot the pitcher," said Alphonse, "what shall I get it in?"

"What should you get it in, good-for-nothing? A tub; anything," said Annette, as she busied herself in spreading a white table cloth over the rough wooden table.

Alphonse, with that guilty kind of an expression in his face which is said to arise from having stolen sheep, proceeded to empty the tub. A ringing box interrupted this proceeding.

"There! you scamp!" from Annette, was the only explanation of her conduct in boxing him.

"Alas! What would you have me do?" said the bewildered Alphonse as he rubbed his ear. "You ask me to

get water. I say 'Annette, in what shall I get water?' You say 'a tub.' I proceed to get the tub. You box my ears. Ah! that is pleasant!"

Alphonse evidently considered that he was a man with a grievance.

"Oh, yes," said Annette, "and you tease me all the day. I hate you!"

"Ho! ho!" said Alphonse. "So you hate me, Miss Annette? Well, you may know that I care as little for you!"

"Ah!" said Annette, "and that is no great loss!"

"You care nothing for me," said Alphonse.

"Not half the value of one single pin!" was the reply.

"Ah, well," said Alphonse, "that is just as I wished, for I have found a new sweetheart."

"Alphonse!" she stopped and looked hard at him.

"It is true," said Alphonse, making a feeble attempt to look as if he were telling the truth. Its feebleness was very apparent.

"Beware what you say," said Annette with an expression of countenance which bore its own meaning. "If it were true, I would kill you."

"And I," said Alphonse, "I could believe it. I believe that you could throw your arms around me one moment from love; kill me the next from hate; and the next you would go mad from despair."

"You flatter yourself," said Annette to the tall youth. But tell me, Alphonse, it is not true." Could anyone have said it was true after the look she gave him? It is certain that Alphonse could not, for he said:

"It is not true, Annette; I simply tell lies, that is all. Do you not live? And as you live, is it not impossible?"

Annette threw her arms around his neck, but in a moment gave a cry of alarm.

"What is it now?" asked Alphonse. "Good heaven! What curious beings are women. Silent when they should make a noise. Making a noise when they should be silent. It is dreadful."

"Do you not see, thick head," said Annette, "that your father approaches? Go, booby, to meet your little father."

Encouraged by these endearing expressions, Mr. Alphonse went to meet a stout, red-faced Frenchman weighing about two hundred and forty pounds, who was trying to lift a basket which was loaded with dishes filled with pastry, cold beef, bottles of claret, knives and forks out of the back of a two-wheeled cart, into which a sad-eyed white horse was hitched, which he had driven up against a neighboring fence a hundred feet away. The tall and lean Alphonse took the handle of one end of the basket and the stout Frenchman the other; and the two came waddling and puffing up to the side of the table on which Annette had already placed bottles of green pickles, bread, butter, oyster patties, pumpkin pie, raspberry jam and other things especially good to eat when your are out in the woods, and by breathing its sweet odors and pure air have gotten such an appetite as I had, while I still lay in my retreat and listened, but gradually working my courage up to the point where it would enable me to become one of the company when lunch was ready.

"There," said the stout Frenchman, whose name was Morceau. "There, that is done at last," said he, and he sat down and wiped a bald and perspiring forehead with a red handkerchief.

"Now, Alphonse, my son, go to the wagon and bring what remains."

It would have been impossible for Alphonse to have brought what remained unaided, so he said:

"They are too heavy for me."

"What!" said Mr. Morceau, supposing that he meant for him to go back alone for them. "And you would have me bring them, you ungrateful scamp! Ah, the ingratitude of our offspring! Had I dared to make this reply to my father, what would he have given me? Something to make my back tender. But you I have treated too well. It seems that there are children and men who must be treated as dogs, or they will treat us as masters. You have been too well fed. No wonder you are a foot taller than your father; and yet you are ungrateful!"

"But," said his son, "do you not see how I perspire? Have you no compassion? But this was always your way. You treat me like a pack horse."

"And," said Morceau, "do I not feed you?"

"On turnips and water—yes," said Alphonse.

"Ah," said Morceau, "you want a picnic every day? You would be an aristocrat and feed on turkey? Well, my little son, your father lives on bread and cabbage; so you will have the kindness, you son of a thief, to do as I bid you."

"Will you help me to carry the load?" asked Alphonse.

"Certainly, Monsieur, with great pleasure," replied Morceau; "I will help you with a club."

"Is that your answer?" asked the son.

"Will you have it on paper?" asked the sire.

"Is that your answer?" repeated the son.

"It is. No less," said Morceau.

"Well, my little father," said Alphonse, "you may know that I do not propose to break my back!"

Morceau sprang to his feet and seized his son by the

collar. Annette gave a shriek. Hardly had she done so when the two were on the ground. Owing to the law of gravity and to no disrespect on his part, Alphonse was on top; and with no intention to be disrespectful, but only because of his great love for Annette, he determined to make the most of his advantage.

"Let me up!" said Morceau, on recovering his breath.

"Patience," said Alphonse. "I have first a little speech to make; so listen. I ask a hearing, no more. In childhood you have beaten me like a dog. If you stumbled in the field and hurt your shin, who suffered? Alphonse. If at the plow the horse kicked the traces, who suffered. The horse? No. The horse was valuable; but Alphonse. If a weasel sucked the eggs of your chickens, who suffered? The weasel? No, for you could not catch him. The chicken? No, for she might cease to lay; but Alphonse, always Alphonse. Now, my little father, let me say this to you, once for all: I am a man, a child no more, and, understand, I am to be married besides to Annette, and this being a fitting occasion I beseech your blessing. Promise me this and I'll let you up. Refuse, and here you stay. Do you comprehend?"

"Let me up," said Morceau. "Don't you see, wretch, I am choking?"

"And still you have breath enough," said Alphonse, "to bless us. So proceed to bless."

"Let me up!" said Morceau.

"Oh, you may squirm," said Alphonse. "I have no objection to that; but here we will stay till we starve. You understand; till we are dead. Without Annette I prefer to die. Therefore you had better get into your little head some good horse sense, and proceed."

It was a novel way of making a stern parent relent, but it seemed to be effective, for Morceau said:

"I do, my son. I bless you. Run right away to the priest and get married. Then please commit suicide, before you starve."

Alphonse and Annette took him at his word and hurried off along a path that ran through the woods.

After muttering something to himself about the children in these days, Mr. Morceau emptied into himself a bottle of claret. While sitting on a bench as he digested it, his imprecations became more violent. Apparently needing a companion to listen to his remarks, he wandered off to where his horse was standing.

I then got out of my hiding place, and after wandering around the woods for awhile, came across the fields to where he was. After remarking that it was a fine day, I told him that I had been hunting since daylight and was half starved, and asked him if he knew where I could get anything to eat.

"I do," said Mr. Morceau. "Come this way," and he took me to the table under the spreading oaks. He gave me a mutton pie and a bottle of claret, and told me to make myself at home. Hardly had he done so, when a large green wagon, drawn by four horses, came upon the scene, and in it, on the hay in the bottom, sat about twenty Frenchmen and women. The team was tied to the branch of a tree, and, screaming and laughing, the women were helped out. Mr. Morceau asked my name and I was introduced, and we were soon seated all together at the table.

"Where is Alphonse and Annette?" asked a pretty black-eyed little woman in a white cap.

"Gone to commit folly together," said Morceau, as from the head of the table he helped the others.

"How?" asked the pretty black-eyed lady.

"To get married, with both my blessing and my malediction."

"Wretch that you are," remarked she of the black eyes. "You should have left off the malediction."

At this moment Alphonse and Annette came up, hand in hand.

"Is it finished? Are you married?" asked the last speaker.

"We are," they said.

"Then you have my blessing; and as Monsieur Morceau told me, before he married his present wife, that he loved me—that is to say, when we were children at school—he shall withdraw his malediction and give you a new blessing.

Monsieur Morceau rose with great gallantry, and bowing, while his hand was over his heart, to the lady having the black eyes, said: "The young people have my most unqualified blessing."

I have learned since, said the acquaintance who told me the story, that Alphonse and Annette are both prosperous and happy.



Suarrow.

“ ‘TIS!” “ ‘Tisn’t!” “It is, I say!” “And I say it isn’t!” was what they said of Suarrow. More to the same effect might have been urged, and yet, even then, no more would have been known about Suarrow, the question of whose identity was not settled.


The conversation with which the history of the affair—Suarrow’s affair—opens was the argumentative debate of two small boys, ten and eleven years of age respectively. When one of them said “ ‘tis” for the last time, the other, like Brutus, paused for reply. What was there to say, unless perhaps, again to say “ ‘tisn’t!” That argument was getting threadbare. They were of the same family, and as those of the same family, because they love each other more deeply than do strangers are hurt more by harsh things said, and in consequence, if they respond at all reply more harshly than strangers would, these two, who loved each other very fondly, for this reason were, being without further words to use then, left in such a frame of mind that one of them said:—

“I can lick you;” and the other one responded:

“You better not try it.”

“I will!”

Thereupon rose up a small cloud of dust, in the center of which an indistinct mass of hands and heels were noticeable, as active as the fans of a wind mill when a gale is blowing. And two dogs rushing from opposite di-



rections, caused to be seen how earnest had become the argument about Suarrow.

At this moment a handsome lady of thirty-five, with a jaunty hat setting at an angle on her head, above two roguish eyes, came tripping down the street on high-heeled shoes. Noticing the little cloud of dust she studied it, and recognizing in it two small boys oblivious of their surroundings, and each giving all of his strained attention to the features of the other, she stepped up to the scene of action, and seizing each, held them apart, ordering them, with a severe look, to shake hands. This they sheepishly did, each, however, inwardly determined to renew and prolong the debate in a more secluded situation.

"What are you fighting about, you little wretches?" the lady then asked.

"Suarrow," whined one of the boys, rubbing the tears from his eyes with the back of his dusty hands, leaving something very much like mud on his forehead.


"Always Suarrow," the lady said, with the smile of one who, by possibility, might be a coquette.

While it is true that the boys had been the first to fight, it is not true that they had been the first to grow angry on account of Suarrow. Monsieur Ponce, the French gentleman whose fierce waxed moustache terminated in two needles, had gradually worked the question into an international one with Herr Schley who wore the loose blonde moustache of seven hairs shaped like the hairs on the face of a mouse. And in an argument encouraged by bad whiskey, a gentleman by the name of Murphy had threatened a personal attack on a citizen by the name of Sullivan, provided that, to expedite matters, Sullivan would step out on the sidewalk; and Sullivan had offered to return the compliment. The question "Who is Suar-

row?" became one on which the town at last divided itself into two stern factions; and these factions debated it at fever heat.

Mrs. Mallow, the lady of whom we have spoken, the lady with the jaunty hat, high-heeled shoes and coquettish air, had settled in the little community, arriving apparently from nowhere, but in a very anxious state of mind about Suarrow. When it was learned that she was worth six millions, although she might have had as many as six million adorers elsewhere, the community supplied her with more. These gentlemen consisted of the ten who had until her arrival been the prominent adorers of the belles of the community. But when Mrs. Mallow arrived—so fickle is the male heart—they concentrated their forces on her. The first to propose was Monsieur Ponce. The lady only replied, "I can do nothing without Suarrow." The next to propose was Herr Schley. He met with the same response. So did the remaining eight adorers. The ten, dressed in their best clothes, grew jealous of Suarrow. They discussed him with great bitterness. They discussed him in groups of two and three, and they discussed him all together. Monsieur Ponce swore that he would strangle Suarrow. Herr Schley, the gentleman with the mouse-like moustache, who weighed between two and three hundred pounds, said that when he sat down on him, as he intended to do, he would cr-r-rush him! The other lovers each spoke of their own private and awful revenge on Suarrow! Poor Suarrow!

The lady, noticing the gloom on the brows of her lovers, smiled the smile of the ravishing breaker of hearts. The lovers going off in the direction of ten different spokes of a wheel from a common starting point, wandered about moodily in different fields, swearing ten different kinds of



revenge on Suarrow. Then a report started and spread like wild fire that Suarrow had arrived and was at that very moment in the drawing room with Mrs. Mallow. The ten lovers, with nostrils distended, breathed forth slaughter, walked back along the imaginary spokes of the imaginary wheel; met at the common starting point; shook hands in silence; gave twists to their mustaches, and went to destroy Suarrow.

Entering the drawing-room, the ten adorers did not see their powerful rival.

"Where," said they in one eager breath, "is Suarrow?"

Hardly had they asked the question when a scarcely heard defiance and challenge, in the shape of a very feeble bark came from a white dog with red eyes, which weighed one pound and three-quarters. And this was the rival which the ten lovers had come to destroy. That was Suarrow.



Pascal *of* the Louvre.

ANTOINE, or Anton—I do not know how he wrote his name—told me the story. Antoine was a Parisian guide and he told me this story of the Louvre. He said; “He was one of the grandes of Parisian artists of the nineteenth century, and I knew them all. They knew me, too, for many is the picture that I have sold for them to the rich Americans. But Pascal, ah, he was an artist; he was great! Being great, of course his career—that was mournful. His career was one of the Louvres grand army of dead hopes. You will perceive by this remark that, to me, the Louvre has a meaning. I know the Louvre. I am not one of the great mass who pass through the Louvre, with their noses placed against the paintings, or close to them, and see nothing. I am just one of the small corporation who own the Louvre. We know it, and it is ours.

“What do you think of Pere la Chaise for sadness? It is sad? You think so? Ah that is nothing; nothing to the Louvre. For in the Louvre are buried hopes. I can show you four hundred paintings, into which, in the course of years, the artists have transferred their souls. Having transferred to those paintings their souls the artists then, to avoid the last stages of starvation, sold them for a mere mess of pottage, died, and had their poor bodies buried in an ash heap. I wonder if their spirits have the pleasure to appreciate now the fact that their paintings are to be had only for hundreds of thousands of francs? Or are they in a realm where art, and the things of art are the only

things that pass, as the only coin, if there could be any such things as bartering, or grasping, or trafficking,—anything at all but painting there. Who should know? It might be that there they would only, to be rid of it, have to paint away their hunger with a brush; for, surely, there must be recompense. If such were the case, what revelation it would be to that staring, oxen-eyed, stupid public, who here do not discover that these paintings are gradually becoming inhabited by souls of men to there learn that, there,—to avoid the trouble of needing their here-important money,—they need to only paint it with a brush.

“Ah, these poor mal appropos children of genius! I tear my hair sometimes with rage. Their works, to be good, they must produce from their heart’s blood; and always in their most laughable scenes there is the desperation of madness. So much as this I have learned from the Louvre.

“But Pascal. Wait. I must tell you of him. He was in painting his picture just twenty-four years. You start? Ah, my friend, permit me; you are one of the mob. You do not see that Pascal was a man of genius; one destined to misfortune. There are two men who have just the same fate; the criminal who is in a fortress like the Bastille, before the grand revolution, one who must work his way through fourteen feet of granite with his finger nails to achieve freedom, and the man of genius, who, without money, is striving to arise from the slough of despair. I speak not of the mere painter; the mere writer; that is nothing. Of the genius I speak; one who, to live to one great thing, must die to so many of the others; one who, as these die, has put into him rapture. But yet, having learned all this from the Louvre, and knowing what is to come, as it is coming, watching the agony of the great,

who do not bow the head to the world's way, and who see about them the ease that comes to those ready to bow, sometimes, as I say, well,—I shudder. Pascal was one of the great, one of those, who do not achieve the success coming from bowing to the popular wrong conception. Nor any more than the soldier who stood in Herculaneum, dying and passing away at his post did he leave it. Nor was he proud, as he stood and did what he saw to be right, at his post, for a public, that knowing nothing of his going without meals, as he stood there, jeered.


"Pascal was fifty-two when he begun his greatest achievement; fifty-two when he begun his twenty-four years' abstinence from the necessities of life; fifty-two years of age when he commenced his great work 'Despair.'

"Ah, I bleed!

"Shall I unfold the grandeurs of that work as they appeared one after another from the brush dipped in the heart's blood of this poor wretch of genius? Ah, but, my friend, unless you are a German, a man from that land in which art, above all things is appreciated, you cannot comprehend me. Besides, remember, you ask me to describe the mysteries of art—art, whose hand reaches beyond earth into heaven. You ask me, it seems, to explain to you the mysteries which it took the good angels just twenty-four years to whisper into the ears of this man of art. This, too, you ask from me all in a piteous moment. Ah, my friend, it is too much that you ask!

"You wish to know why it was that he created this great work? Well, he made it so grand for what he called his public of fifty; and he created it for the benefit of his grand-child, Lisette.

"Lisette had eyes, blue as the calm, quiet, unsuspecting, unsuspecting, never jealous, blue, of the sky of God. In



fact, she had not yet been tarnished by the things of the world. Her hair was of the color of sunlight; her eyes, as I say, heavenly; and her disposition, as it had been formed, by intercourse with the angels before she came to the earth.

"Well, Pascal said: 'She shall marry an artist; she is all I have on earth, this grand-child, Lisette; and she shall be an artist's wife, for, however much of a rogue an artist may be, the sweet and denobling influence of perpetual poverty makes him good at heart.' You comprehend? 'But,' said he, 'this fine artist will have but two things,—dreams and a substantial appetite; and both are worse than nothing, as a provision for Lisette, so I must provide. Now, my public of fifty, consisting of the only fifty who can comprehend the highest form of art, are scattered about the earth. Of that fifty we find the majority to be poor. What then? I must perfect my work and wait until the minority, who are not poor, visit the Louvre. God is good; being an artist I have learned the wisdom of misfortune, and have faith, and one of my fine fifty will see my work, will buy it, and then, having a dowry, which shall protect her from the folly of this grand man, her husband, the artist, my artist's work will be done and I will then make my first and last visit to Pere la Chaise.'

"Time passed and the great work progressed. Three years' of labor were expended, but the picture of Despair was not yet satisfactory to this artist who had faith. He tried to alter it but could not; so he painted it out and commenced anew. For seven years again he labored. But there were still some defects. He tried to alter them but he could not. Can you imagine it? With movement of his brush, he painted out three years of labor. Think


of that! Nothing but a mass of white paint on the canvas. To the artistic coward that would be enough; that would have been fine despair indeed!

"His hair was white now, but the brave heart commenced again. Day after day; week after week; month after month, he labored on. It was painted out several times, but the true inspiration came at last. Ah that picture, how it made one shudder! But do you know why? Do you know from what sources came the inspiration of the artist? Do you know what was now the inspiration of this grand picture Despair? Well, I will relate.

"The blue of heaven was passing from the eyes of Lisette; what the angels had told her she had forgotten;—ah! how forgetful we are!—the last memory of heaven had faded like the last flower in autumn from her mind. She had descended—she belonged to the world.

"Why go through the harrowing details? Are they not told by the bowed head of the poor artist, at his work on Despair? Are they not told by the dull, hopeless eye; the poor trembling hand; the pitiable look with which he scans the work which he begins to neglect; his habit of falling asleep at his work, his sleep being broken only when the brush, which he has used for twenty years, makes a noise by falling to the floor, which disturbs his dream. You can guess what I would say next.

"The artist that she was to marry remained but one of the figures of his dream of twenty years; for Lisette, having become an actress in one of the lowest of Parisian dives, drank absynthe—went to ruin. In despair one very dark night she threw herself into the Seine and the next day Pascal found her dead in the morgue of Paris. Fastened to her breast were artificial roses; in her ears diamonds of paste; on her dress the tinfoil spangles worn by



an actress; on her feet the slippers whose coloring matter is staining her stockings; and in her hair a real rose, which the waters of the Seine had not washed away.

"It was thus that the artist got his last inspiration for his picture Despair. Poor artist! He returned to his easel in the Louvre and finished his work. That day on the Rue de l'Opera I met one of his public of fifty, and this unconscious member of this fanciful public asked me to negotiate for the purchase of the work. I asked him how much he would give. He said, as an outside limit, five hundred thousand francs, which is in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. I told him that it was not enough, but that the artist would, I believe, accept it.

"We went to the Louvre. As we approached we saw the artist in an attitude in which I had often seen him of late. One arm was over the outside of his chair, and his brush, having dropped from his hand, was on the floor. On this arm rested, now, his white head. In front of him was his picture Dispair. In it despair, embodying the soul of the artist, had become a new thing in the world for men to look upon. Genius had made the idea physical. It was a living thing; it *stared*. It stared its silent creator in the face, but the artist himself saw, no more, the glories of his work.

"Dispair was not only visible in the work of art, but it was elsewhere, as well. In the gloom of the artist's face it stood in the place of his departed soul. The artist, Pascal, had represented Despair on the canvas; the artist, Death, as if by way of mad mockery, had represented it in his own dead face."

Human Nature *in* German Dialect, *for*
 retcitootcion in der Buplic Schools
 (und also der vos odders).

Under der Management of Mr. Straus.

MR. STRAUS' PAPER.

I hat five thousand dollars, vich didt swiftly melt away
 When, put into a baper, vich same baper dit not bay.

It hat mordters, it hat scantals,
 Vich big headtings didt bortray—
 But, mid mordters, undt mit scandtals
 Schtill dot baper didt not bay.

It vas gurious, but dot baper didn't bay.

I hiredt to sphend dhose dollars still some very prilliant men
 Who couldt peartceive a scandtall in dher setting of a hen,

Dhey madt libels, by dher tousand
 Dill it dhook your breath away—
 Shtill, mit libels by dher tousand,
 Yet dot baper didn't bay.

It vas gurious, but dot baper didn't bay.

I geepts dher oldt atvertisements to run on shtill alvay,
 To fool und gull dher buplic mit dher same vons effvery day;

We had wonders, we had blunders,
 Still der blunders didn't bay—

It vas gurious, but dot baper didn't bay.

We dhen malignet some deadt men, but dher deadt men didn't
 bay,

(Vos badt as our supscripers, for dhey actet dher same vay.)
 We sendt bapers to supscripers, if dhey saidt so—"yea" or
 "nay"—

Dot vas madt our cirgulation;
 Shtill der baper didn't bay.

It vas gurious, but dot baper didn't bay.

Shtill we foolet dhose foolish public, mit senzations efvery
 day,
 But der more we foolet dher buplic, shtill der more it didn't
 bay,
 Mit pig scandtals, und senzations,
 Shtill der baper didn't bay.
 It vas gurious, but dot baper didn't bay.

Der buplic vonce vas fearet of volfs, but not of volfs alway,
 Vhen bapers for senzations, schreams "volfs!" owet efvery
 day,
 Und dher morders und senzations,
 Dhose has somevat had dhejr day,
 As I foundt owet, by my baper—
 Vich same baper didn't bay.

MR. STRAUS AS A WITNESS.

I been a witness in a soot;
 I just got back from court,
 Vhere I haf learned my gharacter
 Vas of der smutty sordt.
 I used to dhink I knew meinself,
 But now I vas surprised
 To find I got a gharacter
 Vots scarcely realized,
 Except—ah, well! as breachers tell—
 Vhere goes der unbaptised.

Dot lawyer got so awful mad
 I thoughtd his mouth would froth,
 Und asked me did I dhink I would
 Believe myself on oath.
 He shoogk his fist, he tore his hayer;
 Und so he emphasized
 His feeerce remargks, in vich he said
 Dot he vas so surprised
 I daret to come und tell der truth
 And not got baralized!

He next brought in some dwenty bums
 Who swore dhey'd heard of me;
 My gombrehension was a blank
 Aboud indegrity;
 Und, too, der bums my honesdy
 Did mildly stickmatize
 As honesdy, vich among diefs,
 Is said to "Take der prize,"

Der while I stares so hardt at dem,
I'm sure I purst my eyes.

Dey gifs der news my fader vas
A murterer, and a thief;
How in some fordy chails or less,
My bruders came to grief;
Vich done, der lawyer prance about,
Und said how he "surmized,"
Und how a rogue, chief of der rogques,
Should I be analized;
Und how it seemed—in fact he *deemed*
My cheek vas galfvanized.

Ho! if I go again to court
May I be galfvanized!
Und if I do I *deem* it true
I'm sure I'll be surprised!!
Und as a fool I shall before
Myself have stickmatized!!!
Und if I have my gharacter
Correctly analized—
If I go dhere, when I'm awayre,
I wish I'm paralyzed!

STRAUS' ANCIENT LITIGANT.

It vas an anciendt litigant, who hadt a childish vay,
A feebleness, undt anxious look, brought on by law's delay.
"I gained a judgment in a dream," one night, to me he saidt,
"Dough but a dream dot sdartled me, undt trew me from
my bed."

For I hadt long ago losdt hope dot such a ding couldt be,
While chudges from dher heart of truth couldt squeeze a
mysdery,

While dhey, ligke moles, in anciendt books, vhas hidden from
dher sight

Delving drough cobvebs und drough dirt back into ancient
night.

Then groping back, mit corkscrew views, broceeds to things
indite,

While legal cobwebs in dher eyes, und torture wrong to right.
A foolish loogkt spread o'er his face; a look vot dhere had
come

From hearing learned teredos bore drough tweedle-dee, un
dum.



His child vas dead, his wife vas deadt, und he vas all alone;
Dher law had robbed him of der flesh, yet kindly left dher
bone.

While lawyers all brofessional, dhey saidt dot dhis must be,
Vedder dhey lose dher case or not, dhey must not lose dher
fee.

He had been young, dhen age crept on; yet judges, as before,
Discovered in dings frivolous profound undt ancient lore,
Und day by day, anew summed up, drough years vot had
no end,
On fly specks, vich vas specks or not, as brecedents might
tend.

At last der suit didt terminate, und such a shock it vas
Dot mit der suit he diedt himself dough dhen he hadt no
cause.

STRAUS AT SCHOOL.

I ligkes to blay mit children since dey vas so special wise,
Und der questions vich dey asks me vas der best;
Und deir deep inhuman wonder, und deir doubt at my rebliēs
Magkes me quite as doubtful of dem as der rest.

Vhen dey sees how childish foolish vas such visdom as I've
learned
Im ligke a fox, und dey der schasing band;
Und dey follows on so swiftly vile I've run and crossed and
turned
Dot dey catch me in deir field of wonderland.

I talks so cheerful big about der moon, der stars, der sun,
Dey ask me how I dwinkles mit der eye?
Astonished dot I do not know to get a book dey run,
Und says to shtudy dill I can reply.

So dey teach me curious lessons vile dey seegks from me to
learn,
Und not der least ven blaying I'm at school.
Vhen I rightly wears der dunce cap, rightly finds my ears dey
burn,
Mit dot dunce cap in der corrier on der stool!

Hence I ligkes der little children, since dey been so awkward
wise,
Und deir questions chase me quickly to a hole,
Vere I hides me from deir innocense vich pierce der thin
disguise,
Only hides me like an edugaded mole!

MR. STRAUS' EJECTION CASE.

I been tried by a jury of my own partickular peers
 Of bums, from round der corner, as by record it appears
 Who had no sbecial broperty und didt not have a cent,
 (Except of needing vashing) vwhile to courthouse dhey had
 vent.

"Old Maguna Charta's freemen," sitting six mintin each row
 Dhey swore dhey hadt no brejudice, bartickler, vot dhey
 know,
 To pass ubon der title to der broperty I own
 Und magke for me a verdict, vhen der etvidence vhas known.

Der first vas sure an ancient "bloat" vot hadt a beery leer;
 Anoder hadt a foxy face, mit supersillyous air;
 Anoder got a bulldog loogk, mit pogilisidic wink,
 A fourth, his head vas mostly hair, mit vich he vas to think.

Anoder one, he didt not read; he found it difficult
 So proud he loogkt to tell us so, und of dot fact exult.
 Anoder loogk ligk dynamite vhas someding near "his size,"
 Because a spetcial vitcious loogk vas peered from owet his
 eyes.

Dhese Magna Charta's bulwarks dhen did lisen to my case,
 While various kinds of brejudice bortrayed vas on each face.
 Dhey seen my clean clothes qualities vhas different from
 dheir own,
 So, mit dheir bulwaks brejudice dhey stardt to put me down.

Retiring to der chury room, und logking fast der door,
 Der dynamiter makes a sbeech und svears he holds der floor,
 Und proves because my face vas vashed he knows I was a
 dude;
 Also for this: my collar vas a collar vot portroode.

He says he marks I use no slang; dherefure I put on airs,
 Und dherefure should dhey chump me down, dot chury of
 my peers;
 Und vhen he svears mit emphasis dot out two weeks he stand,
 Dhose wavering beers choined in mit him und robt me off
 my land.

STRAUS' PIPE "MIT NICOTINE."

Der old oken bucket, vhen he hangs it by der well,
Is someding very pretty, as you heard der poet tell;
I also heard dem chant about der cot down by der green,
But chust give me my ancient pipe, vots stained mit nicodine—
Vhen der smoke from it arises, dot same pipe my frau despises,
Vot is stained mit nicodine.

While in der even on der porch, dot pipe I schmoke away
I build me blenty visions in der curling clouds of gray.
I digs my farms vot always pay; no bad years intervene,
While I schmoke on dot ancient pipe vots stained mit nicodine—
Vhen der schmoke from it arises, dot same pipe my frau despises,
Vot is stained mit nicodine.

In its thick clouds I go to fish for fish vot's born to bite.
Though burdened mit a heavy load vhen I come home at night,
My feet vas never weary vhen I come across der green
Und in imagination schmoke dot pipe mit nicodine—
Vhen der schmoke from it arises, dot same pipe my frau despises,
Vot is stained mit nicodine.

Perhaps, aldough der is no war, I'll be a soldier bold,
Und never weary while I fighd mit courage uncontrolled,
Und feels but scorn for bullets, or exploding magatzine,
My life being charmed vile dot I schmoke der pipe mit nicodine—
Vhen der schmoke from it arises, der one ding my frau despises,
Vot is stained mit nicodine.

Aldough it cost me not a dime, all vot I wish I have,
I needs but only puff der pipe, vhen comes der ding I crave.
From hovels up to palaces, der pipe vas never mean,
Vich vas for vhy I lof der pipe so stained mit nicodine—
Vhen der smoke from it arises, der same pipe my frau despises,
Vot is stained mit nicodine.

STRAUS TURNS NURSE.

You can fladder mit a sinner, you may fladder mit a saint,
You can fladder any man vot walks, or vimins eider, may be;
You can fladder tooorkey gopplers; I suppose you could a fish,
Or cherabim, or seraphim; but not *one* ding—a baybee!

I've had my awful hair bred 'scapes; have read of inquisitions;
 I've been cut down (by accident!) vhen hung once, by
 physicians;
 But chust too full for udderance vas once my fierce condition
 Vhen sgreaming mat about vot seemed to me an imbosition!

I'll brove how through dhose wee we-e-e hours I vas left un-
 brodected;—
 Gombelled to noorse der baybee; dough my frau she had neg-
 lected
 To leave one pointer vich to do, or vot his gicking feet meant
 Or vot dot squirming acrobat required—(but mordterous treat-
 ment)!

I brings him in der bett me mit; brings also too his bottle,
 Vich 'rangement did disblease him so he stardts oud me to
 dhrottle,
 Vich failing, climbs me on der neck, und tumps me bot' der
 eyes on,
 As dough susbicious in his milk I vas been mixing poison!

My hair turned gray to see der fibs I told to get him quiet!
 As trifling wadder to a fire, dot but ongreased der riot
 Mit one hand clenched into my beard, he pushed away der
 cover
 As if to say: "You sees dot floor? Treadt mill me mit over!"

Quite hombpily do I stardt to carry out dot mild succehestion
 As dough der eager biting air not endter in der question.
 'Tis not enough, dough, dot I pace, he must be called a dandy;
 My lasting, comfort; anchel cake; my sweeter more dhan
 candy!

I pats his stomach; sings old ballads; shows my finest paces;—
 But if he sees I vish to stop, he magke oop crying faces;
 Und vile he possums he's asleep—to lay him down I'm trying—
 He curdles in my ear a whoop vich sends me, panicked,
 flying!

I 'bleeves I knows of hair bred 'scapes; have red of inquisi-
 tions;
 Vas hung up one time, by mistake, cut down vas, by
 physicians:—
 Shtill, since he's grown, he's so like me, my views change
 dheir positions,
 So image-like, I cheerfully forgif dhose imbositions!

MR. STRAUS' PACING MUSTANG.

Der vos a man vot had a horse, vich always he would beat,
Und mit der butt end of his whip, while cursing down der
street;

Der horse vas chiefly made of bones, vot all aroundt mitin
Moved mit a motion like some snakes beneath his wrinkled
skin;

Und vile he passed me every day his eyes had an appealing
way,
Not to deny him;—just to buy him.

I buy him, und der neighbors laugh and choke me every day,
Und ven dey'd laugh he'd look at me—his eyes den seem to
say:

"I know I vas a hideous ding; I see I should be dead;
Admit I vas more laughable as vot they could have said;
I am enough to make you grieve; I got no right at all to live;
So to be dying I'll shust be trying."

I patted den his rocky back; I told him cheer his heart;
I told him drop his gloomy views; to set dem all apart;
I feed him den on oats enough, and efferyding I knew
Until his dismal sunken eyes come forward into view;
He rubbed his nose against my ear—he whispered und dese
words I hear:

Mit loffe undying, I'll be reblying!

Vell, soon I drove to see a race: I see he vish to run,
Because he rushed out to der track before they had begun;
Und for der pickets of der fence he never seemed to stay;
My sulky vas a heavy one and broke dem all away,
Und while I try to hold him in yet mit der rest he flew to win.
Und his pacing dot vas distressing!

He had no tail to flew behind, in fact no tail at all;
Each hairless ear was pointed back chust like a steeble tall;
But ven his rattling bones grew warm we whistled in der
wind,

Und to der great surprise of all we left der rest behind;
For when his bones got worked in place, it vas a choke to
win der race,

Vile he, elastic, chust grew sargastic!

Ten thousand dollars vas der prize his bones did win for me,
Und ven he stopped he chewed my ear to let me know his glee;
Und all der pride vich he had lost it come to him again;
Yet still his pride was honest pride, und I alone vas vain;
Ven came der neighbors one by one, he whinnied in an under-
tone,

Und I said chaffing, "Now who vas laughing?"

STRAUS' CHRISTIAN DOG.

I hadt der ugkliest ugly dog, vich ever could have been,
Mit vitskers all aroundt his eyes, but none ubon his chin.
His back vas chust ligke itsing-glass, it vas so awful bare,
Undt on his legs der only blace you foundt a bunch of hair—
Vhas quite a daitsy, loogking crazy, mit his melangoly air.

He seen himself, vonce in a glass, chust by some accident.
He sprang at it; to kill himself—dot vas his fixed intent.
Und then der glass vas all broke up, und lying round der
 room,
He ruch each vay to fight each dog dot in each beace dit come.
Und dot daitsy loogk more crazy, mit his melancholy air.

But shtill, for all his ugliness, a Christian dogk vas he,
Und when I gif him to der pound—(vh ere once it used to be),
He tries to wag his cut off tail, vich broves he lofves me so
I paid der poun man vot he asked, so made him let him go.
Und my daitsy sure vhas crazy, as he tanz aroundt me dhere.


My vrow dhen say he loogk so bad he surely should be kill't;
So, in der bottom of a sack (vich hadt mit rock been filled't)
I trow him oudt into der sea. Der water buppled o'er,
But hardly had he been trown in before he svim ashore,
Und dot daitsy grow plum crazy, shagking vater on me there.

My vrow puts boison in his food, next, vich he hat to eat,
Und (dinking dot it been meinsel), he lays down by my feet,
While peering drough his vitskered eyes, at me, I'm sure he
 said:
"My master, so you vish it so, I'm habby to be dead't."
Und der daitsy, he foorgifs me, dying slowly, mit despair.

Since, mit his ugkly ugliness, his vas a Christian heart,
Since, when I tried to mordter him he would not from me part,
Since, when my frau she boisoned him, while dinking it vas me,
Dough loogking so rebrouchfully, his loogks saidt it must be;
He vas a daitsy, a vild daitsy, mit his ugkly, ugkly air.

MR. STRAUS, NEIGHBOR.

Shall I told you of my neighbor? Shall I told you vot he vas?
How of rogues and diefs and scoundrels he vas made?
Shall I told you of dot liar? Why, you only needt inguire
Of the neighbors of der druth of vot I've said!



Dhey have heardt it said in whispers; dhey have heardt it
"on der quiet"

Dill der rumor fills der ocean, air und sky,
Dot he kiledt his eldes' broder; dot he robbt his dying moder,
Und vhen he told de druth—dot vas a lie.

Now I told you how von morning, to a neighbor, mitout
varning,

Ven der family had noddin left to eadt,
How he slipped the front door under of some gold vich dey,
mit wonder,

Found it ven he had debarted down der shtreet.

Shall I dold you of der fire, ven dot scoundrel mounted higher,
As his enemies they daret to go, one night?

How he shtill climbed oop—dot liar—brought an infant from
der fire

Und said how it vas noddings dot his left eye lost der sight?
Vell! I dink I vas not said it, least mit some he lose der
gredit

As der greatest of der villains yet unhung—
Besides der beobles knows it, so nobody could o'er drow it,
Und his roguery down der future must be rung.

MR. STRAUS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Der vas a girl too utter sweet (she thought so) witty, too,
Who sent a humorous editor bright dings vot made him blue.
Three years she sent dem all in vain, and then her anger rose,
And so, in scorn she married him, and now his place he knows.

So vot she writes his paper now he laughs at mit great care,
For if it does not come out soon, out comes a bunch of hair!
And if she writes a funeral dirge (although it hardly fit)
You'll see he plumps it right down in der middle of his wit.

He'll find if he should leave it out, he'll suffer for his sins.
For when he kisses her at home, he finds her full of pins.
Which coat of mail's to show she's one, he must not disappoint,
For if he deems her wits has none, she'll make him feel dheir
point!

She's bought a file vot's pretty large, and vhen's he's sitting
near,

She sharpens up her fingernails until he quakes mit fear.
She next unrolls her manuscript, und, as he has to laugh,
Now every day he only writes, for jokes, his epidaph!

Der managements seem changes—vot rejected vas before
 Is brinted, vile der editors dot brinted vas no more!
 Hence der problem's quite apparent, dot men get in dreadful
 plights
 If a woman, dough, der weaker, dhey deprive of woman's
 rights.

MR. STRAUS IS ELECTED MAYOR.

I been elected mayor, und in consequence abused,
 For my enemies, mit malice, dinks der beobles vas amused.
 As for glorious heaven-born humor, und a substitute for wit,
 Dhey shoots dheir shots of malice, und dhey dink dhey
 magke a hit.

Vell! I hope dot dhey have done it as I hope dhey got dheir
 bay;
 I hope it magke dem famoues, und it come mitout delay;—
 Berhaps to feed dheir leedle vons dhey laughter must arouse,
 Und dherefore vas I been gontent dhey laugh at Mr. Straus.

Dhey say dot Straus he vas a fool—vell, Straus he found it so;
 Dhey say dot he had come to grief; quite ofden vas dot drue;
 Dhey say he has his evil vays; dhey vish der beoble schmile;
 Vell, dough der picture seems too strong he know it all der
 vhide!

Of him dhey draw a garacture; vell, so, we let do pass;
 His ears, dough somevot cumbersome, vas hardly ligke an ass.
 Dhey say dot he vas grazzy; vell, he ofden said so too;
 Dhey say his heart vas black because dhey vish to magke it
 blue.

So Straus vas somehow veary; und his thoughtds go back to-
 night
 Back to der days of boyhood, vhen der heart vas only lighd,
 Und der frogs sang sweetly nightly, dill der dreams mitin
 him creep;
 To build up a dheater, for sweet visions in his sleep.

So he dreams again of boyhood, vhen he listened to der lay,
 Of birds vot had no malice in der songs dhey sing all day;—
 Der river vhere he wandered, vot der sun kissed mit his beam,
 Und der roses, witout malice, sending fragrance drough der
 dream!

MR. STRAUS DISCOVERS "DER NICKER IN DER VENCE."

I've found oud all about der sphinx
 Und I knows vot dot intendts
 But der hartes' ding of all to find
 Vas dot Nicker in der vence.

I loogk for him in all dings
 Dill I almost lose my zense
 Each day und night in shtudy
 Bout dot Nicker in der vence!

I got so madt about him
 I had der fixed intendts
 To punch his head ,if he was found—
 Dot Nicker in der vence.

I choin in some sozieties
 Made for benevolence;
 I paid my dues, I found him oud—
 Dot Nicker in der vence.

He vas der segredary
 Mit salary immense;
 (More dhan his own), he got our dues—
 Der Nicker in der vence.

MR. STRAUS AS AN INVENTOR.

I became a great inventor of a ding vot hit der center
 As der greatest of inventions on der earth;
 Vell! I hide it in der celler, for I fear some odder fellow
 He vould steal it for its great indrinsic vorth;
 Und I vait, till, mit his fortune, should each rich man me
 importune;
 For der brivilege to give der segret birth.
 Now I waited; yes, I waited!

But my frau she soon grew nervous, for she said how it should
 serve us
 To reblemish all der cash vot vent so fast
 So, one night I said: "To-morrow, from der bankers I will
 borrow
 Chust few tousands from dhose bankers for to last—
 Und to hellp also its booming dil der ingome from it coming
 Magkes us bankers mit der riches so amassed—
 Being elated—quite eladet!

To der bank I went for money, where, mit words more sweet
 as honey,
 Vhy, der president, at first, he spoke to me
 So I winked, und said: "Hereafter," while I poke his ribs,
 mit laughter,
 "Shall your bank, perhaps, my bardner come to be!"
 He laughed, dill to secure him for der loan, I would secure
 him,
 Mit dot product of my inchenuity
 Vas sdaded—dot vas sdaded!

Dhen he somehow logked astonished, while his laughter also
 vanished,
 Und his mouth grew wider open, more und more,
 Und his chair, vich back vas leaning, it shtill farder vent,
 careening,
 Und dot president lies speechless on der floor.
 Und to him der rushed der teller, und to me anodder fellow
 Who quickly trows me oud und locks der door,
 Vich grated—yes, vich grated .

Vell! Beyond my gombrehension vas der ding you hear me
 mention
 Dill some fifteen or some dwendy years vas gone;
 Dill I had described und talked it—dot invention—und had
 hawked it
 To every human being dot you find in any zone,
 Dill der sweetness had departed from my nature, as it started,
 Und my voice, sir! Vhy, it had der only tone
 I hated—vot I hated.

Dot invention dhen I sold it, und der man who since con-
 trolled it
 Is der richest und der schmartest you will find;
 Und he gif a trifle for it, since I had learned to abhor it,
 Und about it I had talked der beoble blind.
 Und it's now my fixed intention, when I start a new invention,
 I will hunt for an ass-sylum, where I find my feeple mind
 It mated—righdly mated!

MR. STRAUS DROPS INTO PHILOSOPHY.

Der pigeon spreads his feathers, as he walks his sweetheart by;
 Der tom cat deems too pretty vas der lof song vot he cry;
 Der young man, mit his curled mustache vot seem to him so
 grand,
 Does, mit an added courage, ask his sweetheart for her hand.

Der kitten chase der rolling ball mit very serious air;
Der dog, he digs der garden up for someding vots not dere,
Der child runs to der rainbow's end to get a pot of gold,
Und likewise chases shadows ven he comes to be more old.

Der soldier fears to go to sea; it fills his heart mit fright;
Der sailor, fearing landsharks, drinks for courage, till he's
tight;
Der city man is timid, if he's in der woods alone,
Und Country deems all strangers diefs, he sees mitin der
town.

Each man perceives a mystery deep in every ding der is,
And only sees no mystery in der business vot is his;
So mit our schools and colleges, but little do we learn,
Und mystery vas around us all verever we may turn.

Vile mit our diff'rent senses we are groping in der night,
Der's different kinds of darkness, but der's not, dot vay, der
light.
Und cats, und dogs, und men as well—we see it every day,
Blays only blays mit shadows, dill dey wears demselves away.

WHEN STRAUS MONOPOLIZED THE LADIES.

When I vas a younger man, vell I always lead der van
Of der sparkers vich vent calling on der ladies;
For I vin dem efvery von, chust so soon as I begun,
Der Sootsans and Marias, Aramintas and der Sadies.

Vell! It vas not I vas pretty; nor it vas I vas witty,
Nor it vas not dot I was inhuman wise
Nor it vas not dot I blundered; so der handsome men dey
wondered,
Und scratched der hair from off dheir heads, so great vos deir
surprise.

Vell! der segrit vas my own one, so I keep it an unknown
one;
So vas I a monopolist of all der chentler sex;—
Since man as well as woman, also finds it cheerful human,
It blease me thus each rival, chust dot rival's heart to vex.

Now, my certain rule vas dis one (und you'll find it surely
is one),
If you're ugly, only rival handsome men;
For you'll find on each occasion, dot dey vish der adoration
Vot displeases fourteen women as you'll find in every ten!

So you stand out solitary, being to der rest contrary,
Since your loogks, dey never make you seek applause;
Vile der loogks you are perading is an argument persuading
To have you ever present, silent, arguing deir cause.

Vile your rivals, dey are showing their own beauty, you are
glowing
As you mark dot of der ladies from your humble point of
view;
Vile your rivals vas supposing all dey got to do is posing
Is your humble adoration chust der ding vot put you
through.

MR. STRAUS ON THE WOODS OF OREGON.

I've traveled round a blendy, and many dings I've seen;
I've been to South America; to Inkland I have been,
Whose pretty girls correct you, calling rare beef underdone,
And yet I like der steak vots cooked from bears in Oregon!

I've seen der curious Scotchmen, vich had pantaloons forsook,
And yet, in undress, I like best der blanketed "Chinook."
I've seen der mighty rivers vot in foreign countrys run,—
They're creeks beside dot drifting sea, vot rolls through
Oregon!

Der bushes in old Europe woods vot foreigners appal,
Dhose "forests" would be underbrush beneath her hemlocks
tall,
Whose birds, should dhey look down to dem, would wonder
how dhey'd grown
Beneath der spruce und hemlocks of der woods of Oregon!

I told dem of Niagara. Dheir silence means I *lie*!
I told dem how our mountain tops smiles down upon der
sky;
I told dem—dhey beliefs it not—der angels got deir tone
From wild birds dey heard singing in der woods of Oregon!

Der Turks vot veil deir faces, or der kings vot duplicate
Demselves as *We*, dough dey mean *I* may derefore be quite
great;
But still der vas a matchesty in palaces unknown,
Amid der solemn grandeur of der woods of Oregon.



MR. STRAUS WILL LEAVE AMERICA NO MORE.

I chust have been across der seas to visit foreign lands,
Und seen dhose Cherman foreigners, und foreigners of
France.

But Frenchmen vas too Frenchified, der Turkeys vas too
Turk;

Mit me, your true American, dheir vays would never work.

Dose foreigners of Chermany mit me would not agree,
Because dhey treat dheir vimmens so, und not mit chivalry;
Because dhey tax dheir beople so, und all against dheir will,
Did me, your true American, mit intregation fill!

I next spins down to Egypt, too, whose mummies every-
where

Could hardly, in deir movements, mit Americans compare.

Der camel vot I'm perched upon, as through der sand we
went,

Vas scarcely like dose railroad trains vot cross our continent.

So, anxious to be back at home, dhose foreigners I leave,
For vich I vas so homesick—as vas easy to perceive,
I got aboard a sdeamship. While my head vas pointing home
I swore from oud der Eagle's vings I never more would roam.

MR. STRAUS' PERFECT GENTLEMAN

I had a friend who vas bolite to efferyding der vas.

He vas der one to step aside vhenever people pass.

He'd step aside vhere children play, in plays in which they
ran,

Because he vas a chentleman—a perfect chentle man.

He kindly spoke to every dog; he always pet der cats;

Because he vould not set a trap, got overrun mit rats;

Der chicken invalids and ducks, dey always to him ran

Because he set deir broken legs—dot perfect chentle man.

He lofved der woods, he lofved der flowers, nor would deir
beauty mar,

Und vhen der time of battle came, it seemed dot in der war,

He lofved der wounds dhere to be found, for, ever in der van,

He goes (so odders need not go),—dot perfect chentle man!

So, when his body vas shot through, he never made a moan.
Der surgeons did not see his plight: He'd thought it best
 alone
To lie dhere, vile dhey helped der rest. And so, his blood
 it ran
Till he vas dead upon der field—a more dhan chentle man!

MR. STRAUS' COURTSHIP.

When I courted Mrs. Straus from old Deutchland comes agross
 Anoder man who courded her as vell,
Und ligke on a dhermomeder, or berhaps on a baromedr;
 While he vas slowly rising up, I gradually fell,
Und dot make me feel so dreadful dot I soon did have a
 head full
Of gloomy cogitations vich remainedt dhere for a spell.

But still it vas subrising how der daily is arising
 In dis ever changing life of ours, some gurious cingums-
 dance
Vich will stop our melangoly, for it change our brosppects
 wholly;
 Und makes our life's dhermomeder one hundert points ad-
 vance.
Und so it vas at dis time—to go backwardt it vas his time,
 Und it slowly did creebp backvards, dough at first, quite
 still it stands.

For I chust been made Drumm Major, und I'm willing now
 to wager
 How each voomans as you find mitin dot town
In der dwinkling of an hour vas gombledeley in my power,
 Since I had so imberceptibly in dtheir affections grown;
For dhey loogk mit blushing glance, Sir, while I glide before
 dot band, Sir,
 So I fears no cause schallenge, when I says dtheir hearts
 I own.

Now I did recall my rival mit his intermittent drivell
 Vich had so much disgusted me ven I vas sitting near,
While my smiles dhey needed oiling, for I vas mitin me
 boiling;
 Rebeating dings in silence vich vas scartcely fit to hear.
So, my uniform still wearing, und my baton mit me bearing,
 I vent to see my sveetheart, und dot rivals heart to cheer.



Vell! She runs to see me coming, as der blushes, too, vas blooming;
 While der rival's teedth vas gnashing did she fall upon my breast,
 Und his brow grew black as thunder, und he fiercely said, "I wonder!
 Can it in truth be true? It seems der maiden is possessed!"
 Ven my sweetheart softly smiling, said "I am, and I vas willing,
 As you sees now by my actions, dough in words not yet confessed."

So when you vish to marry und your rival's hope to bury,
 Chust do der very ding vot I did do.
 Cnust put a uniform on if you vish to vin a vooman,
 Und you'll vin her mitout failing, for its sure to see you drough;
 Und your poor unhappy rival, he vill vish you someding evil,
 Vich shall not be original, nor hardly scartcely new.

STRAUS IS SENTIMENTAL.

I am wandering to-night by der saw mill,
 And der owls as dhey roost in der trees,
 And der bats, and der frogs, and der moonlight,
 Makes me dismal, as likewise der breeze.

For der owls hoot der same as dhey used to,
 And der man in der moon he is dhere
 And he looks chust der same as of olden
 When he watched me mit cynical air.

When he smiled in der days of my boyhood
 As he looked on Katrina and me,
 As we sat in der shade of der saw mill,
 While he peeped through der black clouds to see.

And der frogs got der same kind of "reckt,"
 And der owls hoot der same as of yore,
 When I told my Katrina I loved her,
 And loving, would love evermore.

Perhaps for dhey see dot she leaves me
 When a rich man would press, too, his suit;
 Perhaps for dhey see she would marry,
 Und dot vos for why dot dhey hoot.

I am wandering to-night in der saw mill,
Und der bats, as dhey dart through der trees,
And der frogs, and der owls, and der moonlight
Make me dismal, as likewise der breeze.

STRAUS WEARIES OF THE CITY.


I am yearning to-night for der cottage,
Where vas homliness, silence and rest;
Vere I schmokes, as I loogk on der river,
Vatch der sunlighd vot tanz on its breast;
Und der forest's tall trees vas around me,
Vots subborting der blue dome above,
Und sweet bierts in dot mighty cathedral
Fills der silence mit off'rings of love.

Straus vas diredt of der vays of der city,
Very diredt, since he don'd grmbrehend
He vas diredt as a slave to der dress coat,
Vich he wears in a vay to offend.
He vas dired ven he tanz at der bartys
For a gombliment vere he must go;
He vas tired being took for a boffoon
By der vise men who sure ought to know.

Since confined in der golumns vots funny
Like a gulpbrit vots locked in a chail.
He's absorbed more deir woes as deir brightness,
And has laughed dill rumatic and pale;
So he vish to escabpe from der city
In der woods to be simbple alone;
To escabpe from deir jokes, vich he's laughed at,
Dill his muscles vas torn from each bone.

Straus vas diredt of der vays of der great men
Mit deir knowledtch vot never has end;
Diredt of entities, egos, and jargon
Vas so so deep dot you don'd grmbrehend.
So again does he yearn for der silence
Vere he laughs twice a day for a while,
Freed from jokers, who pad fun around him
Dill his bones get to snap when he smile!

He vish for der sun, making golden
Der cloudts, as his prayer for der nightd;
Und der dew shows der earth, for his absence,
It has wept for der truth und der lighd;



Und der dawn when it comes so triumphant,
 Would be choin mit der rest in deir gries,
 Choin der bierts, und all dings vots greated
 Vhen God's proof we shtill live, it arise.

STRAUS' LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

You say dot you vish I woould wride you a letter?
 Vell, since I haf got to, berhaps I had better.
 But vot I shall say in the letter I send you
 Is vot I can't say, as I vish to content you,
 And vimmens mit letters is never condended,
 Unless dey been crossed—vich I cannot—ven ended.
 Und also, unless dere's five postscripts appended:
 I've likewise been told dot dey sure got offended,
 Und also I fear, und I tremble mit dread,
 Unless I, in writing, vot comes in my head,
 Should say, for etsample, I drink blendy beer,
 Vich I knows, if I said, made you look pooty queer,
 At der same time I sees dot your temper advance,
 Vich, of gourse, you can't help, as you vas temperance.
 Den vat I should write is der ding puzzles me,
 And I scratches my head quite incessantly.
 Shall I told you how walking along on der street—
 Vile I dink of you only—each berson I meet,
 While I dink of my sweetheart, my head bended low,
 I butts gainst his vest mit a batt'ringram blow?
 Shall I say mit your name, in each song I gombose,
 I sing it at midnight, und vakes up der hous?
 Shall I say how, at "Castros," your name I propose,
 Mit bainters, and scribblers, till all vas put aus?
 Vell scarcely, I should not, so better I close.

MR. STRAUS' PUGILISTIC CLERK.

Through a mistake, I hired a pugilist to clerk for me;
 I asked for his credentials, vhen his hentracks first I see;
 He said he chust was starding, but he'd gondecend to learn,
 Und derefore treat him kindly else der "worm will turn."

I loogked at him astonished, so he lights a cigarette,
 Und vhen der schmoke vas in his lungs, he blows him up a jet,
 Remarking, as he didt so, dot he scornfully should spurn
 Der man whose lack of kindness caused a worm to turn.

He walked around chust lordly, mit his poogilisdc air;
 He kindly seemed intent I'd see he vas der master dhere,
 I vas a sort of office boy he seemed to vish I'd learn,
 Und he der poogilisdc worm possessed der power to turn!